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HORRORS OF WAR NOT RECORDED

Old Soldiers Tell of Strange and Startling Afflictions When Applying for Pensions.

Every ailment known to medical science and some that are entirely original, if not imaginary, are included in the category of afflictions which seek amelioration through the United States pension commissioner, says the Kansas City Star.

No matter how unreasonable may appear the stories contained in these applications for pensions each receives a thorough investigation by the secret service of the bureau, an organization which shrinks from advertising its exploits, although its members could tell hundreds of tales of interesting variety.

Pension Commissioner Warner has decided objections to publicity being given the secret work of the office, but a leak will occasionally occur. Not infrequently the applications show clearly the earmarks of fraud, and sometimes a shrewd detective is sent thousands of miles to gather facts as to the claim. Often both men and women stretch their imagination as well as conscience in their persistent efforts to be placed on Uncle Sam's pension rolls. Some of the cases are as odd as they are interesting. Here's a fellow who wants a pension for a "total wreck."

"I fust got to be a total wreck frum liver and kidney trubbles and then I was totally wrecked by consumption, which come on me suddenly like, and now I am more totally wrecked by army troubles, sprains and hard marching."

An ex-soldier in Ohio wrote: "I don't exactly know what disease I am suffering with, but I do know that I deserve a pension, as I am suffering the pains of death all over my body and legs and feet. Make it a good one, for I fought hard for the flag."

A henpecked husband, who evidently has no use for his wife, says in his application: "I got blood poison by being hit with a hen's egg which was not good. When you send my pension I want it made so as my wife won't get any of it, for she is the one who throwed the egg."

A veteran in West Virginia thinks he should receive a pension because he fell off a thirty-foot bridge during the war, which resulted in a "general breaking up of my entire system." A veteran of the Fourth Wisconsin infantry was salivated by reason of excessive use of salt pork during his army career, and applies for a pension on the ground that he "got salivation in the army."

The following extract is an excellent example of an injury which made itself known after an interval of more than 40 years: "The way I got my war injury was ketchin' a hog. Our Captain wanted her for forage, an' he was chasin' the hog, an' she crawled through a hoale in a rale fence. It was a big hoale, an' I thot I was about the size of the hog, an' I tried to crawl thro', but I stuk, an' tryin' to wriggle out I throde the rales off, an' one hit me on the hed an' knocked me senseless. I don't think the ketchin' of the hog had anything to do with my line of duty, an' I wants a pension. The hog was never ketched."

A veteran in Howard county, Maryland, sent the testimony of a neighbor, who no doubt meant well enough, but did not know how to express himself. The latter swore to the statement that he had known the claimant for 12 years, and that "he would not work unless compelled to." The witness meant to say that the claimant, while really unable to work by reason of his physical infirmities, was frequently compelled to attempt labor in order to sustain himself. As a companion piece this will do: "I am a native of Missouri. I want a job in your office, then I won't ask for no more raise in pension. I clerk O. K., but I can't labor. I could boss the other clerks and make them stand around and raise duly entitled pensions, keep them from loafing and whispering in office hours, and see that things worked right. I could show them how."

A rather remarkable declaration was made by a Michigan veteran. He stated under oath that he picked up a shell on the battlefield of the Wilderness and took it into his tent. While holding the missle between his knees examining it, the shell exploded, "badly shattering my nervous system," but miraculously causing no other injury. An ex-cannonneer of one of the regular batteries claims that he stopped a cannon ball with his abdomen, and has since been badly troubled with stomach disorders. The ball, he says was a spent one, and came bounding along, striking him squarely on the exterior of the inner man.

From Tennessee a widow writes: "My husband was terrible bloated in his stomach. He couldn't stoop over or straiten up without helpin' himself. To ham, beans, pork, eggs and cabbage his stomach was repulsive. His reumatics was the kind called plumbago. His dropsy was terrible."

A neighbor of one Orville Jameson, who asked for a pension because of dropsy, wrote: "I believe that Orville Jameson is fatiged frum arnin' his livin' becos he's too fat an' ways 200 pounds or more. The neighbors think he have dropsy, but I knows he have no dropsy, bcos he'd bust ef he had more inside him than he now have. He are without vitious habits or references."

The widow of a man who shouldered a musket in the Pennsylvania Reserves wanted a pension and she was asked if her husband was ever wounded.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "he received an ax wound of the left foot."

Being asked to explain the circumstances surrounding the wounding of her better half, she said he cut his foot while splitting wood. It was not during the war that this occurred, but in 1899 at their home in Pennsylvania. The pension attorney wanted to know what bearing this had on the pension law, and the widow answered curtly:

"Well, Mr. Smarty, the ax he cut his foot with is the same one he brought home with him from the war. It was an army ax."

But there are stories of broken hearts, desertions, double lives and family troubles of all kinds. The sad side of life is given as well as the humorous.

Womanlike, she must add a postscript. Here it is:

"P. S.—When my husband got home from fightin' the rebels I supported him on my needle till he went and died."

One Gioranna, a member of the well known Garibaldi Guard, recited in his application for pension that he was "probed" by a rebel bayonet at the Bull Run fight.

DESERT MINERS' ETIQUET

Never Ask Where Man's Claims or Secret Water Holes Are.

"Never ask a man anything about his mine; he won't tell you if you do. It isn't etiquet to ask such questions on the desert."

Thus spoke J. Helneman, late of Beatty, an old-timer in Death Valley and the desert.

"You see, when one miner meets another on the desert they stop, talk and pass pleasantries. One will ask the other how he's getting along and he will say 'good' or 'hard lucy,' but that's about all. Neither asks for details or where the other has his claims located. If any man wants you to know he'll tell you without being asked. If not he won't tell you if you do ask.

"The fact is that if a man has a great body of low-grade ore that he must have a force of men to work and ship to the smelters he must record it. But if he has a rich spot with free gold easily handled it is not necessary, and many times one doesn't care to have the world know about it and have everybody coming to dig all around. It often leads to troubles and litigation, jumping and all that sort of thing.

"If a properly is in the mountains it is more necessary to record it for it is easier found. A man can be followed in the mountains, but never out on the desert. I would like to see the man who could follow me on the desert if I don't want him to. I'll give him a chase that will make him very sick of his job. Of course in such cases a claim is never left unguarded if any one should stumble upon it by accident. In such case possession will be nine points of the law.

"This is so not only about mines, but also about private secret water holes. You know some of these give so little water that once known to the general public they would be of no use to those who went to big trouble finding them, or to any one else very soon, so they never tell. Let one who has such a place hidden find one in need he will share his water, and if necessary, he will go and bring a supply, but the other fellow doesn't know where it comes from. That's the finder's secret.

"Of course there are public watering places, especially along the stage routes. Some wells have been dug by individuals or companies who sell water. Lots of money has been expended in this way. The water problem is indeed a serious one on the desert.

"At some of the camps water is hauled by team and sells for as high as $9 a barrel. People who don't know think that is a terrible price, but it really leaves a very small profit for the long haul and the time lost and fed of teams. Often much of the water with which one starts is used up by the horses."—Los Angeles Times.

Our Outdoor Sports.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer is moved to say that our love for outdoor sports is mostly talk, thus:

There is a woeful dearth of athletic sports in America. The man next door would probably wrench his memory in calling to mind more than two. And the same man would confess that he prefers to enjoy his baseball and football vicariously. American love of the open in any real sense seems to be a good deal of a "bluff." Ten thousand people flock to a ball game and enjoy it—as an intellectual pastime. Most of them would be astonished at the idea that they themselves should play. It is the same in the colleges. A few play football. Still fewer play baseball. The rest attend the games and let their athletic overplus of energy vent itself in "rooting."

A Winner.

"What is the plot of your new drama?"

"It has none."

"But how can it succeed?"

"Hush! New idea. We're going to let the audience guess on the plot at 50 cents a throw. They can't win. Can you beat it?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Music and Meals.

There is a revolt in England against the practice of having music with meals, and one of the leading London hotels has given it up, much to the satisfaction of the guests. A New York restaurant is following the example. Dr. C. W. Saleeb" a well-known writer on hygiene, says:

"It is as wrong to dine within hearing of music as to sleep with a bright light shining in one's face.

"Not only does the clash and blare of loud music interfere with sociability, and therefore irritate the mind by frequent interruptions and the strain of listening under difficulties, but it upsets the nerves and digestion by sending the blood to the brain instead of to the stomach, where at dinner time it belongs.

"Of course, faint music is not as bad as the louder strains we commonly suffer when we dine out. Like any evil, the less there is of it the better, but to do away with it altogether would be best of all."

Some hygienists recommend that one should eat alone, and in silence. The editor does not agree with this. The carnivora eat alone, and growl when any living thing approaches. The herbivora graze in company. Don't be a hyena. Bright, cheerful conversation, and laughter, help the digestion. It is best to avoid talk that calls for brain work. Faint music, of which only an occasional strain reaches the diner, would be all right, but the blare of a band that stops conversation is a nuisance.

ILLUMINATING NIAGARA FALLS

Nearly Fifty Searchlights Employed, With Color Scintillators to Produce Wonderful Color Effects.

The night illumination of the mighty torrent at Niagara Falls is now assured, and the proposed plan for lighting the mist and water is unquestionably the greatest feat ever conceived in electrical illumination. The great falls, bathed in dazzling light, will surpass in grandeur and spectacular effect anything of its kind ever seen before.

The falls will be illuminated for the first time the night of August 15, 1907. The lighting scheme for this enormous undertaking is on a scale never attempted before, and a new invention, the color scintillator, will be utilized for producing color effects which will make the falling water far more beautiful and impressive by night than by day.

A battery of nearly fifty large searchlights, several of them the largest of their kind and capable of throwing a beam of white light 125 miles, will be located below the falls. A portion of the projectors will be set down near the water's edge opposite Goat Island so as to play a rising illumination on both the American and Canadian falls. Another battery will be placed on the high ground on the Canadian side to throw a plunging light on the falling water and flying mist. The projectors are powerful enough to cover every inch of the torrent with a brilliant white light. All alone the big searchlights on exhibition are worth traveling far to see, but when used in connection with the new color scintillators the wonderful effect which can be produced beggars description.

The color scintillator consists of a network of steam pipes which will be used to augment the cloud effects of the flying mists. In front of the big light projectors are mounted wheels containing large gelatin disks which are revolved slowly. With the changing of the color disks the beams of light will be variegated with kaleidoscopic effect, producing a color scheme on the mist and water only excelled by the great northern lights. This apparatus was but recently perfected by the engineers of the General Electric company and has never been used here or abroad, although it was given a thorough test a few months ago. The color attachments will tint the waters carmine, crimson, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet and the purest shades, and the rising clouds of mist will blend the colors into hues and tints like a glorious sunset. It is even possible to produce an artificial aurora borealis, and the colored beams reaching far into the sky, will be visible in Toronto and Rochester in such volume as to cause comment. The program for illumination will be changed every night, and in the winter time the color effects on the ice, snow and frost-coated trees of the surrounding country will be spectacular indeed.

The entire proposition is to illuminate Niagara in a distinct and dignified manner, on a scale in keeping with the surroundings. The possibilities of the apparatus to be installed are limited only by the imaginations of the manipulators. It is possible to produce colored figures, snakes, dragons, flags, and a thousand and one different novelties. The apparatus possesses the spectacular effect of fireworks on a grand scale without the fire hazard and danger.

For many years it was planned to illuminate the great falls, but no scheme was deemed practicable until last week, when the General Electric company submitted plans to utilize two batteries of searchlights with their new color scintillator.

WOMEN HORSE RACERS.

Not Many American Women Have Kept Up Racing Stables

A few years ago it looked as if horse owning by women was going to be a fad. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Mrs. Herman B. Duryea formed a racing partnership under the turf name of "Mr. Rosyln," fashioned after the partnership that existed between their husbands. They raced only one horse and then decided to retire.

They got more notoriety than they expected, says the Broadway Magazine. They also got more followers than they had anticipated.

Before the season had ended Mrs. M. M. Goldblatt, Mrs. McCafferty and several other women were in this racing business. Mrs. Goldblatt has a big stable, operating mostly in the west, and Mrs. McCafferty is the wife of a trainer.

There probably are 100 women who as horse owners are registered by the Jockey club or the American Turf Congress. Not a few men found it convenient to dodge the sheriff by putting their horses in the names of their female relatives and friends. Miss Thelma Littlefield, the nine-year-old daughter of former Jockey Fred Littlefield, races a horse in her own name.

Miss Kate Smith was the owner of a really pretentious stable of race horses a few years ago. Miss Smith was the stenographer in the stock brokerage establishment conducted by Alfred M. Lamar in the Consolidated Exchange building, at Broadway and Exchange Place. There were some pretty fair horses in the bunch, Belle Strome and Invader being only a trifle short of stake class.

Around these two horses a bit of romance centers. They were entered in races in Morris Park one day. Invader being in an overnight handicap and Belle Strome in a stake affair for fillies. At that time the financial affairs of Alfred M. Lamar were not quite as sound as those of the Chemical bank. The stable had been a sore tax on his store of money, and there was not so much profit from the brokerage business as there should be.

It is said that there was a serious discussion as to whether it would not be wise to try to win enough that day on either Belle Strôme or Invader to bolster up the business. The chance seemed too poor and it was abandoned.

The horses Bell Strome was in against were of too high class and Invader was not of much account. In the betting ring the average price against Belle Strome was 40 to 1, and against Invader 60 to 1.

Belle Strome won her race and Invader won his. Ten dollars parleyed on the two would have brought in $36,000. A few hundred dollars parleyed on the pair would have bankrupted the ring almost. But Mr. Lamar did not parley $10 or $2 even. Neither did Miss Kate Smith. A few months later Mr. Lamar's firm went to smash.

THE STORK AND THE BEAR.

Said the tall, slim Stork to the little "Teddy Bear,"
As they met in the nurseree,
"You never have to work—you never have to care,
(If you had to slave like me),
And visit the woods and lakes and swamp
And go hikin' round nights, in the cold and damp,
In summer and winter, you'd see
'Another guessed thing' than being cuddled up
In an automobile, with a blue-eyed pup,
A-sailing round the countree."

Said the little "Teddy Bear" to the tall, slim Stork:
"You needn't get a Kitty-cat fit
'Cause the girls all hug and the children lug
Me around, and I've 'made a hit,'
And ride in an auto, and the railroad train,
From the Golden Gate to the state of Maine—
I'd never be a slim Stork (nit),
And go wadin' round in the ebbing tide,
A-bothering 'bout race sueside—
I don't have to, 'cause I'm 'It.'"

"Well, perhaps you are," said the tall, slim Stork,
And his beak went "Click, click, click,"
"I can fly as fast asc a railroad train,
And I never have 'no kick'
A-comin'. I never have to beg,
I kin stand all day on just one leg,
And can do it clean and slick
As most folks can on four, no doubt,
So don't git gay—you better look out
For Teddy's Great Big Stick."
—Philadelphia Press.

Old-Fashioned Thunderstorms.

It is not wise to mention it, but the old-fashioned thunderstorm does not reach the cities nowadays. In the rural districts it may, perhaps, get in some fine work, though, even so it fails to terrify individuals accustomed to electrical displays. Those good old times when people sought the protection of feather beds or ignominously crawled into dark closets during a cracking storm to escape being struck by the lightning have vanished forever. If a thunder bolt appears now it finds the householder prepared for it with a fire insurance policy near at hand. We play with electricity and man harnesses it to obey his will. We don't run away from its natural display any more.—Boston Herald.

The Man With the Opals

By Austin Fryers

CHAPTER VI.

There was a commotion aboard the Union liner Drumcondra. It was first caused by a shout "man overboard," but the lookout, who in the gray light of the early morning had not noticed the derelict boat with which the steamer had collided, now gave the correct alarm. In an instant a boat was being lowered to the rescue, and the cessation of the giant throbbings from the engine room followed immediately afterwards by a reverse motion sent the passengers scurrying on deck in various stages of dishabille, and with still more varying emotions sounding every possibility of mental sensation from curiosity to alarm.

In the small boat, which had ridden cockle-shell fashion on the dance of the waves, two emaciated, senseless figures were lying. The impact had crushed in the side of the boat, giving it a ridiculous and useless appearance, to which no better parallel in ordinary experience can be found than by comparing it to a battered hat. It was by the merest chance that it escaped being sent swirling down to the depths unnoticed.

A few inches more in the path of the monster, and the life troubles of the occupants would never more have been resumed.

As it was they had been thrown helpless on the side of their battered refuge, and the waves were lapping over them and rapidly filling the boat. It was now a matter of moments as to whether they would be rescued, and the stalwarts of the Drumcondra who were running the ropes through the tackle with a whizzing activity, knew it, and did not spare themselves. In a moment or two the boat put off from the side of the ship, but that moment was all too long and the derelict filled and sank almost to the edge while yet they were a few feet from it.

One of the sailors in the prow sprang forward and grasped one of the unconscious figures. His bravery put an end to all uncertainty, for the boat sank in the green gulf without a ripple. A companion had so far imitated his action that leaning forward he was able to fix a boathook in the clothing of the second figure, who was consequently sure of being taken aboard the liner, just as in a few seconds he was pulled, drenched with sea-water, into the rescuer's boat.

The battered boat had, however, gone to the bottom, and with it had disappeared the figures of the plucky sailor and of the unconscious men he had risked his life to save. A cheer and many shouts from the deck of the liner conveyed to those in the boat that the last had not been seen or heard of them, and immediately afterwards a few feet to the left of the gunwale a porpoise commotion in the water disclosed the emerging head of a sailor who came to the surface with a cheery snort like a young whale at play, and then in a cool, business-like fashion composed his burden in the water so that he should float with a fair share of his face above the waterline.

There was evidently no occasion for haste or excitement. The period of uncertainty was over, the rescue was effected, and the transference of the unconscious man to the boat was effected with stolid, workman-like discipline.

The excitement was now wholly confined to those on the deck of the liner, and while the work of rescue was being completed, speculation ran high as to whether it was not all in vain, for certainly no one but a doctor, or one with knowledge of the doctor's craft, could tell that the figures were not those of dead men. White as death, with gaping mouths and discolored, distended tongues, they not only seemed done with life, but the parting had apparently been of such a horrible character that many of the passengers turned away unable to bear the suggestive sight as they were being transferred to the deck.

It was therefore taken as a proof of the unique and wonderful skill of the ship's surgeon when, as soon as expedient, and the liner had resumed her journey to Sydney, word was conveyed by the captain to all whom it might concern—which meant every soul on board—that the strangers so providentially rescued were alive, and there was little doubt of their ultimate recovery.

The doctor's diagnosis of their condition was that they had gone through a period of food and water famine, followed by deririum, in which latter stage they would undoubtedly have ended their troubles in the sea had they not been in too exhausted a condition for the effort, in which extremity kindly nature had come to their relief by conferring on them the boon of unconsciousness.

He predicted that it would be fully a week before they were strong enough to resume their ordinary mode of life even as convalescents, and as they were now but three days out from Sydney it was obvious that their task of recovery must be committed to the hospital authorities at Sydney. In one respect, however, his predictions were not borne out. One of the patients recovered with an amazing rapidity, and on the second day after he had been brought on board was strong enough to be carried on deck, having weakly thanked the captain for his great kindness. He was too weak and exhausted as yet to make any lengthy communication, and, indeed, apart from the surgeon's strict injunction that he should be relieved from any such exertion, he exhibited a decided leaning toward reticence. He, however, communicated the essential particulars that his name was Charters, that he was first officer of the Doric, now en route to England, that his companion was a passenger on the same vessel, that his name was Anson, and that no mishap had occurred to the vessel.

Beyond these facts they only learned that his daughter had gone on in the Doric to England, and that his entire anxiety was to reach her as speedily as possible.

How he and Anson came to be cast adrift when no mishap had overtaken the Doric remained a mystery, as the surgeon soon discovered that Charters' remarkable physical progress was due in no small degree to the fact that it was at the expense of his mental balance, or just as a somnambulist or a drunken man passes unscathed through dangers which he could not negotiate in full possession of his senses, so in a like manner, Charters' temporary mental deficiencies enabled him to exhibit a recuperative power which he did not in reality possess.

Anson, on the other hand, was in the last stage of physical exhaustion. His life hung by a thread, and the surgeon anxiously realized that the commotion and bustle of a sea voyage were playing hazard with his life. It was, however, impossible to alter this. The routine of the Union line was upset to the fullest extent admissible by the delay involved in the incident of the rescue, and this hiatus in the journey it was necessary to repair by an added vigor in the throbs of the engine room. All that was possible was to exercise every care and provide every possible relief until the steamer should safely arrive in Sydney, and Anson might be taken to the quietude of the hospital ward, there to recruit his strength slowly until he should acquire vigor enough to develop that incipient brain fever through which he must infallibly pass before he could once more enter the outer world. Charters' awakening, after all, was but the spirit of a determined nature goaded to exertion by an overmastering desire. This desire was to rejoin his daughter, and its expression was not merely a craze, but a madness. On the third day, and when the harbor ouf Sydney was in sight, he was in a state of frenzy which was barely amenable to soothing influences and threatened from time to time to reach a pitch when restraint would have to be resorted to.

In this condition the two castaways who so narrowly escaped death were handed over to the authorities of the Sydney hospital, and the captain of the Drumcondra forwarded messages to the calling places of the homeward-bound Doric so that those on board, and above all the daughter of the patient whose mind was in such a parlous state, might know of their safety.

CHAPTTR VII.

More dead than alive was Anson when transferred to a remote ward, there to be nursed back to life by medical skill, and the tender solicitude of the nurses. Exhaustion had worn him to the last ebb, and such life as stirred within him was but the faintest flicker which the least untoward event might extinguish. A strong constitution and a healthy record were his only, as they were the best guarantees of ultimate success, and the surgeon of the Drumcondra in taking leave of his unconscious patient, felt confident that time would effect the necessary rally.

The change had a contrary effect on Charters. Instead of growing better, his madness increased, and his vitality ebbed in inverse ratio. Through the mists which obscured the workings of his brain there was one clear and ever present idea that he was under restraint, and was being kept back from the journey which he should be taking. He was, however, too completely the prey of his madness by now to have a clear idea of his governing wish, and his anxious ravings embraced a jumble of desires which included a search for his daughter, a hunt for opals, and the necessity of rescuing someone from the ocean.

To the doctors and the nurses in the hospital all this was unintelligible, but it was clearly evident, in theory at all events, that had the Drumcondra been on its way to England instead of to Sydney, his recovery would possibly have been perfected. Now, however, the veins of madness had taken him too seriously for such a proposition to be entertained. Although his cure was embarrassed by the conditions, it was obviously necessary that he should be at least sound in mind if not altogether in body before any passenger steamer could arrange to take him on board.

There was also the further hope that the messages from the Drumcondra would reach some of the ports of call of the Doric and secure the return of his daughter, whose presence would most probably have more potent effect than any known medical system.

The days which dragged slowly on saw Anson growing gradually stronger with the inevitable tendency toward brain fever which the doctors regarded as the practically inevitable passport to health; but on the other hand, Charters was sinking more and more into a condition of mental chaos, such strength as he possessed being exhausted as it accumulated by violent outbursts.

And then at length came news of the Doris. A cablegram which read as follows:

"Estelle Charters well. Am returning to see Charters and Anson.

"Durand, Ship's Surgeon.

"Doric."

The message was read to Charters—on the dulled ears of Anson it would have had no effect.

"Durand! Durand!" murmured the madman, and he sank into a period of repose such as he had not enjoyed since first he entered the hospital to become one of the most troublesome cases the staff ever had to deal with.

The doctors noted the effect with wonderment. It seemed as though the name were a health-giving talisman, and the head surgeon—who was given to speculation—founded on the incident an elaborate theory of the effects of association. To his mind it was evident the name had conjured up associations of a soothing and curative effect on the mind of the patient, and had proved almost as beneficial as though the friend himself had put in an appearance.

Charters woke from his peaceful slumber with a mind clearer and more restful than had before been noted, and with a calmness which indicated a considerable recovery of his mental balance he asked for the cable.

"Durand coming to see me," he murmured. "That is good. He will put it all right. Poor Estelle."

The chain of reasoning was evidently an effort, for once more he relapsed into sleep, and a sleep so profound that it was almost unconsciousness. Right through the long orange and pearl-gray evening he slept, and right through the night. Then he stirred restlessly but, without awakening, and continued asleep well on into midday.

He awoke, but scarcely stirred as the exhaustion he had been madly fighting had now gained complete ascendancy, and his mind was also mercifully a blank.

He was not much recovered from this condition when Durand arrived at the hospital to be welcomed warmly by the medical staff, who were eager to learn the history of the case; for it had so far been a complete mystery to them, as no theory could account for the presence of two men in an open boat at sea under such deplorable circumstances who had been attached to a ship whose passage was unattended by any hitch or accident.

"It is certainly one of the most curious incidents we have had at the hospital," said the house surgeon, as they sat in his sanctom on Durand's arrival.

"I can well understand how it must have puzzled you," replied Durand, "but the explanation is comparatively simple."

"That is the inevitable disillusionment of all mysteries," laughed the surgeon.

"We had a man on board suffering from delirium tremens. He jumped overboard at night during a rough, heavy sea, and Charters and Anson put off in a boat to attempt his rescue. The act was brave but mad. They could not possibly see him, and in any case it is nothing short of a miracle that the boat remained on the surface. We cruised about all night searching for them, and remained well on into the morning. Then as there was not a trace of them to be seen, the Doric was bound of course to proceed on her way."

"Charters had a daughter on board, did he not? It must have been a terrible ordeal for her, poor girl."

"Yes, it was, but she bore up much better than might have been expected, for she clung to the conviction, which no one on board shared, that her father and his companion were not lost."

"Strange," replied the surgeon, touched by another incident which set his speculative brain at work. "Strange that she should have such a conviction when you see, as it turns out, she was right."

"I am afraid it reveals no psychological principle," returned Durand with a faintly perceptible sneer. "A woman's affectionate nature naturally lives on hope with or without foundation."

"Quite so," replied the surgeon, "but the fact remains that in this instance she was convinced, and was right."

"And she would have been equally convinced if she were quite wrong."

"I see that you are a confirmed skeptic," laughed the surgeon. "Will you come up to the wards now and see your friends? Charters will probably recognize you, but Anson is at too low an ebb I am afraid."

Durand expressed his desire to see them at once, and together they proceeded to the ward. Charters was first visited, and they found him in the early stages of one of those paroxysms of madness, which had so wrecked his hopes of recovery up to now.

"This is very unfortunate," said the surgeon anxiously; "he was getting on so nicely, we had hoped that this brain trouble had left him. And, by-the-by, it is a curious fact that your name had a very soothing effect on him."

"That was merely association——"

"Exactly what I said," exclaimed the surgeon with evident pleasure. "It had an undoubted curative effect."

"Scarcely curative," said Durand. "I should call it merely soothing."

"Surely a distinction without a difference."

"Perhaps," said Durand lightly, and then approaching the bed he took hold of the patient's right hand with his own, and then placing his left hand on Charters' forehead he remained silently by the bedside.

The effect was marvelous, and the house surgeon looked on finding more food for speculation in the action of the man who had scoffed at psychological theories.

Under his touch Charters lay still and peaceful, not asleep but resting. For five minutes he remained thus, a meaning look at the surgeon sufficiently indicating that silence was necessary. Then at last Charters sighed, and moving restlessly for a moment, his eyelids opened and his gaze rested sanely and peacefully on Durand.

"Durand!" he murmured. "I knew you would come."

"Of course you did," replied Durand cheerfully. "What a terrible time you have had of it. But you are all right now, eh?"

"Yes, I am all right; but—I think I am very weak. Where is Estelle?"

"She can see you if you are strong enough."

"Oh, I am."

"Well, that's all right. We can't manage it just now as the head physician is not here to give her a pass. So you just go to sleep till he returns."

More obedient even than a child, Charters sighed restfully, and turning on his pillow, fell asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I understand it all," said the surgeon gleefully as they left the ward. "Marvellous, marvellous; and I never saw an experiment before."

"What is marvellous?" asked Durand, looking at him with cool surprise.

"Why, your experiment on Charters; your very successful experiment, I should call it, judging by the result so far. And to think that it should have such an instant effect, too, not only influencing the mind, but actually recalling the physical vigor as well. All I am curious to see now is whether the effect is lasting. If it is, then I must declare it the most wonderful thing in medical science, and must record my conviction that nothing but antiquated prejudice and dry-as-dust conservatism stands in the way of its general adoption."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Durand in a tone of apparently sincere surprise, "what are you talking about? I haven't the faintest notion, I can assure you."

"Of what am I talking! Why, hypnotism, of course. You cannot pretend for a moment that the wonderful change you have effected in Charters is not due to hypnotism."

"Hypnotism! Nonsense, there is no such thing. It is an arrant fraud and imposture."

"Come, come, I am not one of your straitlaced sort," said the surgeon in a pleading tone of expostulation. "What I see with my own eyes is convincing. I don't care what hard names may be given to a thing; if I see and know it to be right I accept it. It must have been by hypnotism that you dismissed Charters' madness, recalled his senses and then sent him to sleep."

"It was most certainly due to nothing of the sort," replied Durand. "I have not the faintest doubt that if his daughter, or anyone else as friendly with him as I am, came here and did as I did, the effect would be just the same."

The surgeon was not convinced, but Durand stubbornly held to his contention, only smoothing his denial sufficiently to ensure that his presence in the hospital would be welcomed.

Under his influence, which he persisted was only such as might be exerted by the companionship of any friend, but which the surgeon was fully convinced was hypnotic, Charters progressed rapidly, and soon he was strong enough to be taken out by Durand for a drive. This stage reached, it was only a question of dates to arrange for his passage to England, as it was agreed by Durand and the hospital staff that the voyage not only involved no danger, but must prove absolutely beneficial.

A curious fact in connection with Charters' attitude towards Durand was that while he was physically weak he received him with open arms, but as he regained his strength much of his old dislike and distrust of him returned.

"Why is he taking this interest in me?" was the questioning manner in which he confessed this feeling to himself, and he found the answer when Durand, durng their last drive, artfully led the conversation round to Wade and his opals.

Charters, with his innate suspicion and natural shrewdness, was determined to foil Durand if his return to Sydney was prompted, as he believed it was, solely by a desire to glean what information he could of Wade's treasure.

"How marvelous it was that you should have picked him up in such a sea, and on such a night. And then to be for days afloat the three of you. I suppose he was raving all the time about his opals?"

"If he had been I think I should have endeavored to throw him overboard, as it was through them we were in our pickle," replied Charters with a capital affectation of savagery. "I hardly spoke to him at all; I was too anxious about our chance of escape and worry about the agony of mind Estelle must have been in."

"How did Wade come by his end? He was not in the boat when you were run down by the Drumcondra."

"I really don't know," replied Charters. "I was, I suppose, unconscious at the time."

"Then it was Anson and he who talked?"

"Yes, as long as he was able. But there isn't much talking, I can tell you when your tongue and palate are like leather for the want of water. It is terrible."

"But before you reached that stage, what did Wade say of the opals?"

"Oh, he was sick of them, too, and said Anson and I might have them."

Charters stopped abruptly, as he found himself under Durand's searching questions, disclosing one of the very things he had promised himself to conceal.

"It was the very least he could do," said Durand, "after all you had done for him. What description did he give you of the hiding place?"

"Do you think I listened to him, mad with him and his opals as I was?"

"Then he did describe the hiding place?"

"I suppose he did."

"What do you remember of it? He could not remember any details when he was on the Doric, but that was no doubt through the drink."

"I tell you I was too sick of him and his story to listen. You must ask Anson."

Charters could have struck himself for his weakness in thus putting Durand on a trail which, in Anson's weak state, might very probably give him the information he required. He congratulated himself, however, on the fact that the key to the story was safely hidden under his sleeve, and he did not fear the possibility of Duran's divining that or worming the secret from him; and he was equally confident that Anson could not remember it even if under pressure from Durand he consented to disclose it.

I suppose Anson was really more interested in the opals than you were?" asked Durand.

"I can't say," returned Charters petulantly. "I know they have been a worry and a nuisance to me from the first and I hope never to be troubled with them any more."

Durand took the hint, probably because he believed that he knew all that Charters had to disclose, and he at once adroitly turned the conversation on to Charters' voyage to England.

"It is a pity you cannot wait to take Anson with you," said Durand, a cold, mischievous gleam in his eyes. "But my time is my own, and I shall remain until he has recovered and go back with him."

"That is very kind of you," said Charters, while inwardly he added, "You will remain to wrest the secret of the opals from him if you can. That's your little game."

The following day Charters sailed, and Anson remained. Whatever Durand's game was he certainly meant to play it.

(To Be Continued.)

ABOUT TOBACCO.

They Serve Out Cigars to the Soldiers in Italy

Physicians, chemists and physiologists (many of them smokers themselves) agree that smoking before maturity is reached always leads to a waste of nerve power and brain force and thus squanders life by weakening the very center of strength.

In all Lord Wolseley's campaigns he made it a rule where possible to allow each soldier one pound of tobacco per month, which he considered a fair allowance. In Italy the military authorities recognize the weed as one of the comforts essential to the troops and cigars are served out to them with their daily rations.

In France there are 6,000,000 smokers, and of every fifteen there are eight who smoke a pipe, five who smoke cigars and only two who are cigaret smokers. Still the French consume more than 800,000,000 cigarets a year, or enough to go around the world 500 times if they were placed end to end in a line.

In the total quantity of tobacco grown the United States rivals Cuba and the Philippine islands combined; British India is not very far behind the states. It takes 6,500,000 acres to grow the world's tobacco. Louisville is the largest tobacco market in the world.

The best cigars manufactured come from Cuba, the tobacco for which is cultivated in the famous Vuelta de Abajo district, west of Havana. This favored spot is located on the banks of a river, the nature of the soil being such that in no other part of the world can leaves of such excellence be produced. The most expensive cigars cost about $7.50 each. The largest cigars come from the Philippine islands, some of them being eighteen inches in length. Italy has the reputation of manufacturing some of the strongest smokes in the world.

A good cigar will burn slowly and equally; the weed that smolders up one side is of inferior quality.

CANADIAN EXPANSION.

Its Great Industrial Growth—American Investments.

Consul F. D. Hale, of Coaticook, furnishes the following statistics pertaining to Canada's industrial growth:

"Canada's trade policy has built up a complete industrial system, the invested capital of which is today about $488,000,000, as against $146,000,000 in 1881; 15,000 manufacturing establishments, with 500,000 employes, are turning out products annually valued at $486,000,000. The textile industry is represented by 26 cotton mills, with 600,000 spindles, and 300 woolen mills; 75 mills are producin gwood pulp and paper, with excellent prospects of further expansion. There is an excellent and growing export trade in furniture and musical instruments, and boots and shoes are being largely produced in the province of Quebec and fast rivaling in quality and style the American product; German beet sugar is being displaced by British West Indian cane sugar imported under the preferential tariff, and the beet sugar industry is being successfully established in the west.

"Five years ago the population of the prairie provinces was 468,000, and the grain crop amounted to 43,000,000 bushels. In 1906 the population was 1,000,000, and the grain crop was 280,000,000 bushels, one-half of this being wheat and grown on less than 4 per cent of the net area of land available for cultivation in that section. Between 1897 and 1906 nearly 900,000 immigrants have come to this country. The consumption of manufactured goods is about $120 per capita; of this, home production supplied all except $25 per capita, while more than one-half of this importation comes from the United States. The importations are continually growing, notwithstanding the increased production. American capital to the extent of $185,000,000 has been invested in Canada during the past few years, induced thereto by the Canadian British preference policy."—United States Consular Reports.

Genius in Yonkers.

"This picture is not complete, my boy."

"Oh, yes, it is, pop."

"Why, you have drawn the horse, but where is the wagon?"

"Oh, I'm going to let the horse draw the wagon."—Yonkers Statesman.

TONIO
SON OF THE SIERRAS

A STORY OF THE APACHE WAR

By General Charles King

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was a merciful Providence, as many of the exiles later said, that brought the commanding general himself late that starlit evening back to Prescott. His stout mountain wagon, and special six-mule team, had whirled him up from the Verde after the briefest of conferences with the cavalry colonel there in command. An Indian runner from Almy had reached them early that Thursday morning, announcing the return of Stannard and his troop, accompanied by Lieutenant Harris, "Tonio and certain of the Apache-Mohaves, the arrest by civil authorities and attempted suicide of Case, and the further gathering under the wing of the law of Jose Sanchez, of Munoz, and even of Dago, all of whom, it was said, were wanted at Prescott. Stannard found the Archers gone, found himself, as senior captain, temporarily in command of the post, and called upon to furnish military escort for the civil posse comitatus. Stannard was a soldier pure and simple. He would have shown as a mammoth bull in a china shop had he and his troop been at the moment in the southern states, instead of the southwestern territory. He stood ready to do any amount of arresting the government might order. He was entirely willing to send a subaltern and a score of troopers to convoy the entire party—sheriff and deputies, posse and prisoners—to the territorial capital, but, like the old war-horse he was, he balked, stiff-necked and stiff-legged, at the sheriff's demand that the escort should report to him—should be, in point of fact, under his orders.

Not to put too fine a point upon it, Stannard had said he'd see him hanged first, whereupon the sheriff refused to make the trip, and appealed to the territorial authorities, while Stannard sent a runner up to district headquarters for instructions. Each messenger had nearly ninety miles to go, so the race was about even, despite the fact that the sheriff's couriers were mounted and Stannard's runner went afoot. The uninitiated would have backed the riders to win, but Stannard backed the runner. The former were deputies and white; the latter was Apache-Mohave and brown. The former had a road and a roadside ranch or two, whereat they might and did obtain rest and refreshment. The redskin had only a trail, and no temptations. The Apache won out in a walk, literally a jog-trot. Luck as well as pluck favored the latter, for he found the department, as well as the district, commander at Sandy, and Stannard's instructions were started back that very morning. "Come up yourself to Prescott," they said. "Bring Harris and 'Tonio and such of 'Tonio's people as are necessary. Come prepared to stay a week at least, and be sure that Mrs. Stannard comes with you. Use your

Almy three days before. Then Wickham came in and briefly said: "Certainly. They're up at the general's. They were down at the dance awhile, looking on through the windows," whereat Harold Willett's handsome face went white.

Late as it was he knew he should go over at once, and he did, and it was God's mercy, as Wickham said afterwards, that sent the bearded general, not the gray-haired, raging father to meet him at the door. There had been a minute of tearful, almost breathless, conference between the devoted couple before Archer released his wif from his arms, sent her in to Lilian, and then came down as calmly as he could to face his host and hostess. There had been a moment or two, in the sanctity of their chamber, in which this other devoted but childless couple—the Darby and Joan of the old army—conferred swiftly over the situation, the wife briefly telling the soldier spouse of what she had seen, heard and believed, and a glance at Archer had done the rest. Crook saw the anguish in the face of his old friend, and had only measurably succeeded in calming him when Willett's step was heard upon the veranda. The chief sprang to his feet. Archer would have followed, but with a silent, most significant gesture, the commander warned his comrade back. Then, closing the parlor door behind him, confronted the young officer in the silence and darkness of the veranda.

What transpired in that brief interview was never told. Two or three couples, wearying of the dance, and wending their homeward way, saw the two tall, shadowy forms in the dim light, saw that one of them was standing strictly at attention, and knew thereby that the other must be the general, saw that the interview was very brief, for in a moment the caller raised a hand in salute, faced about, and went somewhat heavily down the steps and, avoiding both the main road and the pathway, disappeared in the direction of the bachelors' quarters under the hill.

At ten the following morning a buckboard called at Willett's door, and that young officer drove away in traveling rig, with a valise by way of luggage, and when people inquired, as many did, and many more would have done had they followed their inclination, what took Willett away in such a hurry and—er—at such a time, all that black-bearded Wickham would say was, he heard it was a wagon. As for Bright, one might as well seek information of the Sphinx. There never was a man who, knowing all about a matter, could look, as more than one fair critic had been heard to say, so exasperatingly, idiotically ignorant. At noon, however, it was known that Willett's wagon stopped but a few moments on the plaza in the little mining town and capital, then shot away southward on the Hassayampa road.

Three days later the array of "Casually at Post" on the morning report of Fort Whipple showed an increase of something like a score. Lieutenant Briggs with a sergeant and a dozen troopers rode in the previous evening, after turning over a quartet of dusky civilians at the caloboose, and leaving a guard at the hospital in charge of a pallid, nervous, suffering man, whom a big-hearted post surgeon received with compassionate care. The doctor had known him in better days. It was what was left of the recent lion of Camp Almy—Case the bookkeeper.

Among the arrivals extraordinary at headquarters on the hill were Captain and Mrs. Stannard of Camp Almy, Capt. Bonner, Lieut. Strong, post adjutant thereat, and then, as Bright's special guest, was Lieut. "Hefty" Harris, of old Camp Bowie, and as Bright's special charge were 'Tonio, sometime chief of the Red Rock band of Apache-Mohaves, Kwonaheika, his associate and friend, with two young braves of the tribe, Kwonaheika's shy, silent wife and her ward, a motherless young Apache girl, sister to Comes Flying, he whose untimely taking off had so seriously complicated the Indian question in the district of the Verde. Bright had his Apache visitors comfortably stowed, and abundantly provided for, close to his own roof, and 'Tnio, charged with serious crimes against the peace and dignity of the people of the United States in general, and Arizona in particular, received with native dignity at the entrance to his canvas lodge callers and even congratulations—for great was the desire to see him—and, unbailed, unhampered, untrammeled by fetter, guard or shackle, calmly awaited his examination before the Great Chief with the coming of the morrow. Soldiers like Crook and the staff of his training knew 'Tonio and his lineage, and unlike Willett, valued his word.

And early on that morrow Willett reappeared, delivered certain dispatches at the office long before office hours, betook himself to his quarters for bath, shave and breakfast, and behind closed doors and shrouded windows, awaited the summons if needed to appear before the department commander. His narrative long since had been reduced to writing. Between him and the black-bearded Wickham there had been one significant interview, never till long afterwards given even to intimates on the general's staff. As for 'Tonio, to no one less would he plead his cause than the department commander himself, the Great White Chief.

Never in the chronicles of that sun-blistered land, home of the scorpion and rattlesnake, the Apache and tarantula, had that sun shone on scene so dramatic as that the Exiles long referred to as "'Tonio's Trial," and never, perhaps, was trial held with less of the panoply and observance of the law and more assurance of entire justice.

It was a great chief trying a great chief. The powerful commander of the department sitting in judgment on the once powerful head of a warlike band, long since scattered, absorbed, merged in neighboring tribes, worn down in ceaseless battling against surrounding forces and implacable fate. Crook knew the Indian as it was given few men to know him, and in his own simple, straighforward way generally dealt with the Indian direct. But here was a case, as he well understood, where he who had once moved the monarch of these silent, encircling mountains, stood accused of treachery to the hand that had fed, sheltered and uplifted him, to the Great Father whose service he had sought, to the white chiefs, old and young, whom he had sworn to obey. If guilty he deserved the extent of the law, if innocent, the fullest vindication of the highest power he and his people knew and recognized. To no mere captain or even post commander would 'Tonio plead. To no agency official would he trust himself or his cause. There was one soldier chief whom every Indian of the Pacific slope knew well by reputation and by name—the chief who spoke ever with the straight tongue and told them only the truth—the chief who never broke his word or let others ignore it. "Gray Fox" they named him later among other tribes, but these of the Sierras spoke of him only as "Crook."

On the greensward, close to the assembly hall in the low ground, the council lodge was pitched—two hugh hospital tent flies having been stretched from tree to tree, braced on uprights; and there, in a little semi-circle, sat the general with his principal officers about him—gray-haired, pale-faced Archer, looking strangely sad and old, at his right—black-haired Wickham at his left, and high officials of the staff department having a little table and chair at one side that all legal notes might be made. Half a dozen officers of the garrison, with Colonel Darrah at their head, grouped in rear of the council. Three or four orderlies stood about, but, by order, not a rifle or revolver could be found in the entire array. Seated to the right and left were officers prominent in the recent campaign—Stannard, Turner, Bonner, Strong and Harris among them, while at a distance, among the cedars and looking curiously on, were gathered the wives and families of the officers, with their guests and attendants—at a distance that the dignity of the occasion in the eyes of the Indian race might not be put in jeopardy by the presence of a woman.

Further still, on the other side across the trickling brook, to the number of near two hundred, men, women and children, soldiers, citizens and strangers, all in silence awaited the first act of the drama—the coming of 'Tonio with his retinue, marshaled by that expert master of aboriginal ceremonies, Lieutenant Bright.

And presently he came. No picturesque war bonnet distinguished him. No robe or mantle hung in stately folds about his form. 'Tonio sought not, as does his red brother of the plains, the theatrical aid of impressive costume. Tall, spare and erect, his sinewy legs and arms bare almost their entire length, his moccasins worn and faded, but his fillet, camisa and trailing breech-clout almost snowy white; destitute of plume, feather, necklace, armlet, ornament of any kind, unarmed, yet unafraid, with slow and measured step the chief approached the council tent, three of his warriors in his train, and, escorted by Bright, turned squarely as he came before the outspread canvas, entered beneath its shade, and stopping midway across the greensward, his head upheld, his black eyes fixed in calm, reposeful trust upon the general's face, halted and stood simply before him, saying not a word.

"'Tonio, will you be seated?" asked the general, and an orderly steped forward with a camp chair. Even before the interpreter could translate, 'Tonio understood, motioned the orderly aside, turned and signaled to his followers, who quickly settled to the ground and seated themselves, cross-legged, in half circle beneath him, but the chieftain, accused, would stand. On the dead silence that followed, all men listening with attentive ear, even the women and children across the little ravine, hushing their nervous giggle and chatter, 'Tonio's voice was presently uplifted, neither harsh nor gruttural, but deep and almost musical. In the tongue of his people he spoke seven words, and there seemed no need of the interpreter's translation:

"My father has sent for me. I am here."

(Concluded Next Week.)

THE CIRCUS IN THE WEST

At One Matinee There Were 6,000 Chinese and 2,000 Japs Present.

The circus man, if he is set up right, lives longer and drinks in more real pleasure every day of his life because of the appreciation of the circus by the whole world. He knows that there is nothing else in an amusement way that licks up the whole breakfast table. The old person who leans on his church like a cane, as well as the rosy-cheeked boy and girl, turns to the circus tent for common enjoyment. The in-between fellow who makes the sidewalk ring when he walks and has gathered up enough money and power to be proud, comes along just the same, although he may raise his eyebrows at the suggestion. Everybody all over the frontier west goes to the circus, regardless of religion or politics, and to the circus folks themselves every day brings forth its own revelations of odd happenings and strange doings.

"The oddest mixture of people I ever saw was in Arizona," said the old circus man when he came to town this week. "Indians, Mexicans, Japs, negroes, Chinamen and cowboys crowded the tent and squatted comfortably on the hippodrome track. The Indians and Chinamen were quiet, as usual, but the cowpunchers, Mexicans and negroes made the air ring. The cowboys yelped like a pack of coyotes when the Bedini girls jumped from the ground to the back of their galloping thoroughbreds. The Mexicans were aroused by the gymnastic acts and opened their voices until they were worn and hoarse. The clowns caught the negroes, and they laughed until the ground shook. That night the cowboys and the Mexicans turned the town into a shooting gallery, emptying their revolvers at the stars and expressing their sorrow at the going away of the circus by licking up all the refreshments in the town.

"Along the Pacific coast the Chinamen make the circus coming an event. They turn out of their holes decked in their best bib and tucker and quit business as if it had no interest for them. Years ago in San Francisco fully 25,000 Chinamen saw the show in one season. I'll wager that half as many passed the door of the big top at Portland. They are not mean, and buy popcorn and lemonade as well as the best seats. Some of them came in coaches drawn by handsome horses, and they sat in boxes. Rich Chinese merchants gave matinee parties, the men wearing richly embroidered gowns, the women clad mostly in costly silks.

"At one special matinee given in a California town there were 6,000 Chinamen and 2,000 Japs. The Chinaman knows his appreciation by coming time after time. His face has no more life in it than the butt end of a cottonwood log. When an Indian likes a thing in the circus he simply grunts. He sits with his face in his hands and his elbows on his knees, but his eyes rove round the tent and take in everything. When we tour Texas the cotton fields are deserted. Every negro has to see the performance if he has to sell his shirt to do it. White folks usually go at night and the negroes in the daytime. In some towns the big tent looks as if it were in mourning. Here and there a white face looms up. During a show the noise and laughter of these good-natured blacks are almost deafening. The clowns are their favorites."—Denver Field and Farm.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAID.

I walked in the garden one morning in May
To hear what the little new flowers would say.
The Violet in modesty hung her wee head,
And these are the words that she blushingly said,—

"I had long been asleep in my warm, cosy home
When I heard a gay Robin who seemed all alone,
So I pushed back the covers to hear his sweet song
And saw I'd been sleeping and dreaming too long."

And then a gay Daffy unloosed her green hood,
Shook out her green petals and smiled where she stood
As much as to say: "Did you call, Robin, dear,
Your own little Daffy and Springtime are here?"

And the Daisy peeped out to smile and to say
"We all are so happy this bright sunny day,
For all through the Winter, the cold and the snow,
We've been sleeping and resting and waiting to grow."

—Nora Novella Hoel.

FIRST SULPHUR MATCHES

They Were Considered a Daring and Dangerous Innovation.

In these days of rapid progress it does not take long to make an appliance old-fashioned and out of date. Not more than seventy years ago a match was considered an innovation of a daring and dangerous type. The conservative still scraped away with his steel and flint, holding the sulphur-dipped stick in fear and trembling.

One Robert Gibbs tells the story of the first match he ever saw. A schoolfellow who had visited London brought back with him, besides his stories of that wonderful town, a box of the newly invented matches. He exhibited them to his wondering mates and, as a great favor, presented one to Gibbs. The boy took his prize home, stuck it in the chimneypiece and gleefully watched the surprise of his mother.

"Now you may throw away the tinder box," he said.

"No such thing," responded the prudent woman. "Matches which light themselves will find no place here. Why, some night we might be burned in our beds! Give me the tinder box."

A Salem, Mass., newspaper of June, 1836, speaks aprovingly of one of the inhabitants of its town.

"Notwithstanding the convenience of those dangerous little articles which are in almost everybody's hands, but which, with all their charms, bid fair to prove a heavy curse on the community, we learn there is one man in Salem, a respectable tradesman, who keeps a store where we should generally expect to find such things, but who has never sold them or allowed them to be used on his premises. He sticks to the flint, steel and tinder; he shows his wisdom in so doing. How many more can say as much?"—Youths' Companion.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

A GREAT MAN AND SOME LITTLE PEOPLE.

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 28 Is, "The Golden Calf," Exodus 32:1-35. The Golden Text Is, "Little Children, Keep Yourself From Idols." 1 John 5:21.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Sometimes one marvels that the politicians, even the cheap, coarse, crude kind that one would scarcely invite to his home, are so successful in deceiving the people. On the other hand, when one beholds how readily the people may be fooled—and how they seem to love it—and how easily they are satisfied, the marvel becomes that this strange thing called human nature has persisted throughout the centuries. Had it not been for an indulgent and protecting Providence, surely the race would have died of its own folly.

"Substitution" is an evil to be found not alone in the drug business and in the grocery business; it exists in politics, literature, religion and wherever else genuineness is expensive. The fashion did not begin when the Children of Israel substituted a golden calf for the Lord Almighty, nor did it end there. Only a few weeks ago there gathered at a business establishment which finds a diluted and adulterated type of religion a profitable side-line, a company of men and women who thought to prove themselves "advanced" thinkers by giving assent to the idiosyncrasies of their leader; the latter being, by court records, a proved charlatan and adulterer. Naturally he, and others like him who desire a wider moral latitude than the law allows, wants some easier, more accommodating god than He who thundered His laws in the mount. They are trying to devise a cheap and convenient substitute for Jehovah, even as did Aaron, at the behest of the foolish ex-slaves whose impatience could not abide the forty days' absence of their leader, upon their service.

Little Children Larger Grown.

Whoever has told stories at bedtime to little children knows their impatience, which cannot wait for the natural development of the end of the story, but interrupts constantly with questions and interjections. The younger the child the greater the impatience. Now that was about the intellectual condition of the Children of Israel; they were children indeed. With Moses out of their sight they could not wait; waiting is a man's art, a sign of maturity and strength. The essential immaturity of this people with Moses led is a characteristic of this story that stands out boldly. Had they been more fully developed, they would have had more sense.

But stay; before we throw stones clear over into the Sinai wilderness let us consider whether it is not true that the new people of this western world are also afflicted with the same restlessness and impatience. We do not know how to wait. Immediateness is our motto. Like the monkeys in the jungle, we must be ever in motion, never able, like the stronger jungle folk, to win our prize by patience. What we want we want right away; if it is not at hand, we are willing to accept any substitute.

Colis P. Huntington, that curious admixture of cunning, cruelty, selfishness and real greatness, showed the last-named quality when he said something to this effect: "I get what I want because I can bide my time. There is only one thing in the world that can beat me at waiting, and that is the Roman Catholic church." The strong man always has a store of patience and prevision; he knows that whatever is worth working for is also worth waiting for. Had they not been utterly childish, the Children of Israel would have waited the return of Moses, and then have perceived the beneficient purpose of his absence. They, like later pilgrims to the Land of Promise, needed to stand still and see that Jehovah is God.

Where Idols Are Plentiful.

The reader who has a taste for following an interesting thought through the books may care to verify by the histories this assertion. "The greatest nations are those which have the greatest God. "Like master, like man." The people which has the most exalted conception of the Deity is the one which has the most exalted type of manhood. Little gods mean, in the long run, a little people. Similarly, through the centuries, the monotheism of the Jews elevated them above the surrounding idolatrous nations, and made them a peculiar people, a powerful people and a persisting people.

After more than a little first-hand observation of idolatry, I am prepared to say that idol worship is always on a descending scale. It degenerates into mere superstition and demonology. There are doubtless some Hindus and Chinese and Japanese who can give an intelligent explanation of the character and purpose of the greater figures in their pantheon; but the plain people worship all idols, any idols, only from mind fear and an ignorant hope of receiving favors. I have a dozen or more charms that I secured at various heathen temples, which engage to protect me from all the ills of life and spirit. The people who start with one idol soon have many idols and customs of the grossest.

Those Jews at first wanted a mere representation that would fix their thoughts upon Jehovah—an "aid to devotion," as lovers of images and pictures say—but it was not long ere they "rose up to play," after the abominable manner of the heathen excesses. He whose devotion is not centered upon the one Supreme Object of devotion will find himself swinging in strange orbits, and worshipping unexpected gods in unholy ways.

Skill and Superstition.

Those who consider civilization a mere matter of material skill and progress may be reminded that some of the finest mechanical arts are possessed by peoples far down on the intellectual and moral scale. The embroideries of old Japan, the carvings of China, the brass work of India, the shawls of Cashmere—these are not excelled anywhere in the world. In the museum at Cairo you may see piles of beautiful jewelry, in cunningly wrought gold and gems. It was such as these that the Israelites wore, and offered to the melting pot for the golden calf.

Do the two things seem incongruous—those elaborate ornaments of gold and the puerile, savage worship of the molton calf? Ah, but even today barbarism and gross superstition wear jewels and silks and raiment a la mode. It is not in our wealth and up-to-dateness and material grandeur that the hope of the age lies; but in a clear-seeing, steadfast and obedient recognition of those spiritual ideals which follow in the wake of the intelligent worship of the true and living God. Materialism cannot make a nation great any more than a big house and lavishly spent money can qualify a person to move in truly good society.

That golden calf is still being worshipped today. The bull, as representing life and reproduction, is a common object of heathen veneration. Even the living bull is worshipped in India, and the streets of Benares are full of slate-colored bulls, roaming at will, lords of the highways, and pillaging unmolested from the bazaars. The mummy of a cow, and its restored temple-tomb, is one of the most interesting sights in the museum at Cairo.

The Swift Vengeance.

The orgies around the molten calf did not go unheeded on the mount, where Jehovah conferred with Moses. Heaven is forever less indifferent to the doings of earth than earth imagines. One of the mistakes of those who stoop to folly is to suppose that "nobody cares," whereas the whole social body cares, and so does the God above, who is zealous for the welfare of his people below. There is never an idol set up, in a nation or a human breast, that the loving Father of all is not grieved and offended.

Swiftly Moses was sent down to deal with the perverse Israelites—only to find them as shifty, evasive and irresponsible as they had been idolatrous. They who disobey God in any one point soon find other sins easy and inevitable. Moses burned with hot indignation; he had all of a great man's capacity for strong feelings. His anger caused him to cast to the ground the tables of stone upon which God's finger had written; for of what use was law to such characterless people as these? And he ground to powder the golden calf, and he sent an avenging sword through the camp among the impenitent, so that there fell three thousand men. All who overturn the law must fall beneath the law.

A Great Man in a Crisis.

What a blazing figure is the old prophet, as he strides about the cowering camp, the very incarnation of divine judgment! The picture quickens the imagination. Yet if Moses had tremendous powers of indignation he had still greater powers of compassion. In this crisis he proved himself a constructionist. Jehovah was ready to repudiate His miserable people, who had so insultingly repudiated Him. The narrative with strong anthropomorphism, represents Jehovah as waxing so wroth against the stiff-necked pilgrims that He was ready to consume them in His wrath.

Then arose Moses, the majestic, as an intercessor. "Yet now," he cried, "if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of the books which thou hast written." There spoke the very spirit of Calvary. Moses so identified himslf with the people, and loved them so much better than they loved themselves, that for their sakes he was willing to be accursed. That is the sort of prayer Jehovah always hears. Is it any wonder that he answered the plea of Moses? Nevertheless, the people should suffer for that calf; the Jews themselves have a tradition that at least one ounce of the powder of the golden calf has been mingled in each of their later calamities.

The practical application of the whole lesson is admirably put by Peloubet: "Never think, when you take a start in idol worship, that you will stop there. The idol must have an altar. The altar must have an offering. The whole must have a temple. Every sin is self-perpetuating. Begin to love money more than God, and the great idol of mammon will soon make a temple of your life.

DETROIT'S GIRL DIVER.

Miss Frances Baker Employs Her Own Crew and Makes Good Living.

Detroit's girl diver, Miss Frances Baker, is regarded as a protege by all the sailors of the Great Lakes, says a Detroit dispatch to the New York World. She is 21 years of age, and has laid up a comfortable bank account by following her hazardous calling. Her first professional work was when she raised $20,000 worth of copper from the ship of W. H. Stevens, which sank in 80 feet of water in Lake Erie several years ago.

Miss Baker's father, Capt. H. W. Baker, was a captain of divers, and from the first time she was allowed to go down to the river alone, she used to watch her father's wrecking ship leave the dock and long to go with him. The ambition to become a diver matured in her as she grew older, and she deplored the fate which had condemned her to be a girl.

At last her desire to become a diver overcame the objections of her friends, and she began making wrecking trips with her father, and soon became his inseparable companion. She made a study of every part of the machinery connected in any way with diving, and in time learned to command the wrecking boat with great skill and assurance.

Her first descent was in Lake Huron, where a big wooden barge had gone down, and before the wrecking steamer had reached the spot where the barge had sunk, the owner spoke to Miss Baker regretting the loss of a diamond ring which was in the cabin.

Miss Baker immediately offered to recover it for him, as she had been planning for some time to make her first descent upon the first favorable opportunity. When everything was made ready for her to descend, her own father manned the compressed air apparatus, which meant life or death to her, as she calmly walked down the ship's ladder and without a moment's hesitation disappeared under the water.

In descending the sensation of the initial trip she said that the feeling at the outset was as if some great creature with a thousand arms was pressing her gently but firmly on all sides, and as if in a few minutes her breath would be cut off entirely, but she was far from frightened, and continued her descent until the shadow of the sunken barge loomed up before her. She had a strange feeling of buoyancy, and the twenty pounds of lead attached to her feet seemed no heavier than leather soles as she followed her companion to the walls of the sunken ship, and with his aid, climbed over them.

At this point she experienced severe pains in her head, but, still undaunted, she reached the cabin of the barge, where she opened, and, with the aid of the electric light at her belt, sought out the corner of the cabin, which contained a small stand, upon which was the tiny box containing the much-desired diamond ring.

In her haste to reach it she stumbled and fell, and for the moment was consumed with terrible fear, as the pressure of the water, together with breathing the compressed air, had now become almost overpowering; but she quickly gained her self-control and with the box in her hand returned to the deck of the wrecker.

As a reward for this exploit Miss Baker was presented the diamond ring she had recovered, and it is now in her possession.

The ring marked the beginning of her fortune, as she had proved that she could live under the water, and to be able to do this means that a person is worth anywhere from $50 to $200 a day to a wrecking company. As ninety-nine out of every one hundred men who descend into the waters of the lakes will in a few minutes begin to suffer from bleeding at the nose, head-splitting pains, and suffocation, that is why all good divers from one end of the great lakes to the other may be counted on one's fingers and toes.

HE'S A-ROLLIN'.

I.

"He climbed so fur to reach the top—
Speed wuz beyond controllin';
Whar is he now—I'd like to know?"
"Well, he's a-rollin!' "

II.

"He thought the lights—thar, on the heights,
Would shorely be consolin'
I wonder what he's doin' now?"
"Well, he's a-rollin!' "

III.

"Thar must 'a' been great sights to see,
An' trumpets—bells—a-tollin;'
He—hearn the thunder roll, an' he—
Well, he's a-rollin!' "

Atlanta Constitution.

Caught Both Ways.

William T. Stead, at the end of his visit to Yale in the cause of peace, said at a tea:

"You have disappointed me a little here. Despite all my efforts to make you, you have not gone in your peace championship the lengths I had expected you to go. Examination time is approaching and I am as disappointed as a tutor was in an examination that I attended in my youth.

"This tutor prided himself on his detective skill, and seeing a student consulting his watch repeatedly, he called out to him with a wise smile:

"'Mr. Smith, I will have a look at that watch of yours, if you please.'

"Smith seemed worried. He advanced and handed forth his watch. The tutor opened it and saw pasted across the dial a tiny slip of paper bearing the word, 'Fooled.'

"'Of course, then, Smith was allowed to resume his work. But the tutor kept his eye on him. And certainly the young man kept looking at his watch with suspicious frequency.

"'Mr. Smith,'

"The voice was loud and peremptory. Smith thrust his watch back in his pocket and started guiltily.

"'Mr. Smith, I'll just have another look at that watch, please.'

"But this time the tutor did not go for the face. He opened the back of the watch instead. And there, sure enough, he found a small folded paper. Examining it eagerly, he read:

"'Fooled again.' "

Earning a Living With Their Feet.

The many big-game shooters among wealthy Britons who go to far-distant and wild countries where the lion, the tiger, and so on are to be found are always particularly anxious to preserve and to have set up for home display the skins of the animals that have fallen a prey to their prowess.

Unfortunately, the skins thus obtained have often to be treated in a very primitive style in the first instance from the taxidermist and fur-dresser's point of view, and through the influence of tropical climates and imperfect preparation the yarrive in England as stiff as boards. So stiff and brittle are they, indeed, that, unless they were gently handled, they would break up into fragments.

But some of the rarest and most beautiful skins in the world are treated at a quite unique establishment in the east end of London, prior to being handed over to the regular fur dresser. At the place in question the pelts or skins are gently deposited. Then they are put into a huge shallow tank and covered over with a liquid containing certain chemical ingredients. After being in steep for some time, parties of men, barefooted and bare-legged to the knee, tread about, backwards and forwards, day after day, for a certain period upon each particular skin, and it is this application of the human foot that brings the skins back to a perfect state of pliability.

Nearly all the men employed in this treading process, for hours at a stretch, are aliens and unskilled workers, so far as other trades are concerned; but those among them who can bring about with their feet an equal degree of pliability in all parts of a skin can earn good wages.—Tit-Bits.

JOHNNY, THE DUMB.

Somehow I'm kind o' dumb in school,
An' yet I try an' try,
An' never monkey 'round an' fool
Like "Boots" and "Husky" Bly.
An' yet my little sister, who
Is two years younger, she
Knows more than most o' children do,
An' she knows more 'an me.

Maw tells us both to write sometimes
An' visitors'll look,
An' Bess' writin's surely fine,
But I can't make the crook
That's on the "g," an' allus get
My "s's" wrong, an' then
Bess makes the "s's" right, you bet,
An' looks puffed up again.

Paw says it's reely strange the way
That Bessie learns, an' maw
Says that I stand in progress' way,
An' always favored paw;
But uncle says to never mind,
But keep a steady chin,
Fer favorites come in behind
An' old skates often win.

They ain't no fun, I tell you now,
In showin' callers jis'
How ignorant you are, an' how
Darn smart your sister is!
An' parents harm their kids that way,
An' harm 'em good an' fair,
For purty soon a kid'll say:
"Well, blamo it, I don't care!"

—Indianapolis Sun.

KING OF ALL CATFISH.

As "Old Joe" He Is Known to Fishermen and Pilots of Cumberland.

Just how or when he received his cognomen no one seems to know, but should you call the name "Old Joe" anywhere along the Cumberland river above Celina, Tenn., your hearers will at once become attentive, and usually the query, "Have you seen him?" or "Who saw him last?" will greet your remark.

"Old Joe" is an immense catfish, eight to nine feet long, and it is thought will weigh more than two hundred pounds. He was first seen about twenty years ago in the Cumberland river, where Marrowbone creek empties into that classic stream in Cumberland county. Since that time hardly a week passes during the fishing season that some one does not see this huge fish, writes a Glasgow correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, and always near where he was first seen. The furthest point that he has ever been known to roam was a mile.

Many plans to capture or kill "Old Joe" have miscarried, and from the way he has eluded the various traps and snares set for him he must be wise as well as large. Fishermen anxious to possess "Old Joe's" scalp have camped on the river for weeks, remained all day waiting for a chance shot, placed poison in the river, dynamited all along for a mile, and after becoming worn out would leave in disgust, only to learn from some one that "Old Joe" had been seen the day he broke camp floating near the surface of the water, evidently enjoying a sun bath.

After "Old Joe's" habitation was established steamboat men began to look for him and there are very few pilots on the upper Cumberland that have not seen "Old Joe." If at any time a pilot spoke of having seen a log or snag in that locality he was promptly told it was "Old Joe."

Recently a well known pilot on the Cumberland river had a good look at the king of the upper Cumberland, and in sneaking of his observations says: "Some time since I had the pleasure of seeing this enormous catfish. In length I suppose it would measure close to eight feet, possibly more. I was in a position to get a good view of him while on duty in the pilot house, being so high above the water I could see him clearly. Noticing a break in the water I thought it was a large snag. I had moved to the opposite side of my wheel in order to steer around what I thought to be a snag, when I saw what it was. I called to the clerk through the trumpet to get his gun and get that big fish. I was getting close on him when the clerk appeared with his gun, and he could only see the waves that the king of the Cumberland made on his descent to the deep. 'Old Joe's' habitation is in the neighborhood of the mouth of Marrowbone creek. This fish, I suppose, would weigh more than two hundred pounds. His tail seemed to be larger than a palmleaf fan."

As "Old Joe" has been a familiar figure for twenty or thirty years, it is hard even to surmise how old he is, but river men are of the opinion that he must be more than fifty years old.

ULTIMATE FATE OF FISH

They Never Die a Natural Death, Says an Observant Fisherman.

"Fish never die a natural death," said an old fisherman who has observed as he fished. "If they did bodies of dead fish would be floating on the surface of the water about all the while, because such bodies if unmolested would have to float.

"I mean, of course, fish in nature never die a natural death, not fish in captivity. And perhaps it should not be called natural death that fish in captivity die. Their environment induces mortality that fish in their native habitat would escape, and these causes might be properly classed as among the accidents that carry the captive fish off.

"If fish in their native element were never molested I believe they would never die. If they had sufficient food, which would be impossible if they no longer preyed on one another, there would be no reason for their dying. It was to prevent such uninterrupted tenure of life that all fish were made fiercely predatory, if not remorselessly cannibalistic, as many kinds are.

"A fish's life is a constantly strenuous one and one entirely selfish. A fish lives only to eat and to avoid being eaten."

Character in the Eyes.

No two pairs of eyes are exactly alike, and it would be impossible to give any fixed set of rules for reading character from the eyes. A person must rely upon his own keen judgment for that. However, here are a few general hints on the characteristics that usually accompany different types of eyes:

Large, clear, blue eyes usually denote sensibility of character and a capacity and willingness for work. Their owner is also likely to be fond of enjoyment, jealous and often inquisitive.

Deep set eyes receive impressions accurately and definitely.

Great thinkers usually have had cold gray eyes, for gray is the color of shrewdness and talent. Eyes of this description generally denote better heads than hearts.

Green eyes are rare, and are seen more frequently in women than in men. They denote courage, energy and pride. Occasionally they accompany a jealous, vengeful disposition.

Black eyes are difficult to read. They often show a quick disposition, and sometimes are treacherous.

Round-eyed persons are not great thinkers. They are open-hearted, observant and often sensual.

People with narrow eyes see less, think more, and feel with greater intensity.

Brown eyes denote a loving though judicious temperament.

Women who have light brown eyes are fond of gayety, shrewd and often coquettes.

Coal-Boring Feat.

In the sinking of the shafts for the new Dawdon colliery, Seaham harbor, Durham, after the magnesian limestone had been penetrated (it was 356 feet thick), yellow sands were reached. In such permeable material near the sea pumping operations had to be undertaken on an extensive scale, a total quantity of 7,050 gallons a minute being disposed of. When the sand was reached it became obvious that ordinary pumping would be useless, so the extraordinary course was taken of freezing the water. Messrs. Gebhardt and Koenig, Nordhausen, undertook the freezing of the ground through which the shafts were sunk. Twenty-eight holes were bored round the shafts to a depth of 484 feet, and in a circle 30 feet in diameter. Saline freezing mixture was introduced into the bore holes by means of tubes, and all the subterranean water was frozen solid. The loose sand below the limestone became like rock and had to be blasted. The temeprature of the frozen sand at the bottom of the pit was minus 14 degrees centigrade. Thawing was accomplished by circulating warm brine through the freezing tubes.—Dundee Advertiser.

ODD FINDS IN STREET CARS

Thousands of Articles Left Behind by Absent-Minded Persons.

One of the favorite places of the absent-minded citizen for leaving property is on a trolley car or on one of the cars of an elevated train. It is so easy and so natural, when riding from place to place, for a passenger to lay a package down by his or her side and then, when arriving at his or her destination, to get off, calmly ignoring the existence of the aforesaid article. Is there a man or woman in Brooklyn who has not had such an experience or many recurrences of the same experience? It is doubtful, and it shows that to be careless or absent-minded is one of the branches of the old saw: "To err is human."

Gloves are a staple article for the conductors to turn in at the different stations of the various lines of the company, but it is usually a single glove, and not in pairs, that they come. The more common articles that are found during the course of a year are jewelry of almost every description, from the cheap and trifling articles to diamonds. There are watches, rings, pins and bracelets, watch chains and fobs, match safes, bunches of keys, pencils and fountain pens, memorandum books of all kinds, novels, Bibles, deeds, bills, contracts, nail cutters and tools of every description.

Of the many odd things that have been left on the company's cars I can think of nothing stranger than a small headstone for a grave. One of these was left on a Flatbush avenue car about two years ago and it was never claimed. Its size is the only thing that would account for its being left on a car. It bore no inscription—at least it had no name chiseled on it—but that it was intended for the grave of a little child was evident for the words "Our Darling" and "Rest in Peace" were chiseled upon it. It was a pathetic little thing to find, to say the least.

One of the "cute" findings recently was a satchel containing a pair of pet kittens. They were no common felines, either, but as pretty as one would care to see, with dainty ribbons tied around their necks. They were kept the usual length of time, and then, as no owner appeared to claim them, they were given away. The other day there was found on a Coney island bound car a dress suit case, the contents of which included a pair of handsome corsets, a pair of new gloves, a pair of fine new stockings, and a flask of whiskey, with but a small quantity of the "red eye" in it. You can figure out for yourself who was the probable loser, but it would not be surprising if it was one of the "soubrettes" from a Bowery music hall.

Another one of the odd finds was a complete "dope set," including an opium pipe and its accesories. Not long ago an employe of a lead pencil company reported the loss of a small gold brick—real gold, and not a "phoney" article. It was valued, he said, at $235. The costly little article was never turned in at the company's office and was probably picked up by another passenger. We do not believe there is much dishonesty among the company's employes. Articles picked up by them are almost always turned in, and as a rule the conductor is more than ordinarily honest.

As an illustration of how absent-minded some people are, I may cite the case of a young man who boarded a Fulton Ferry car, carrying a dress suit case. He placed the case between his knees so as not to forget it, and when he left the car he noticed the case, but, forgetting that it was his own, he called the conductor's attention to the fact that some one had left the case on the car. The conductor turned in the case at the company's office and made his regular report. Less than an hour afterward the young man, who had discovered his stupid blunder, reached the company's office in a dreadful state of mind, narrated the circumstances, and, after describing the contents of the case, had his property restored to him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Castle Free From Care.

In the happy Land of Childhood, traveltorn is them pattering feet,
Is the Valley of Contentment, where the brook and river meet,
Where the yellow haze of springtime always fills the misty air,
And where in its golden glory stands the Castle Free from Care.

There the flowers are always blooming; there the birds sing every day.
For children never fret or worry, smiles banish all their fears away.
With joyous shouts and bursts of laughter they are skipping everywhere,
Only merry voices echo in the Castle Free from Care.

All these happy little dwellers in this wondrous Land of Youth,
Teach a lesson to their elders that is filled with love and truth.
They can't look beyond the portals, even should they stand and stare,
Yet we hear no groans of anguish in their Castle Free from Care.

Why should we on Life's great journey fret so many hours away?
Shall the ghost of dead years wander through our castle halls today?
Let us build a glorious future, filled with trust and rose tints fair,
Let us, like the happy children, have our Castle Free from Care.

—National Magazine.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

"De beauty of de Scriptures am in deir incipiency," impressively remarked good old Parson Bagster, in the course of a recent Sabbath morning's sermon. "When yo' finds a text dat 'pears convoluted and devolved dess put yo' focus in de eye of simple faith, and, lo, behold, it opens out befo' yo' like de unfoldin' of yo' hand! Take de commandment, 'Put not new cloth into old garments;' what do dat signify? Muh friends, don't turn and twist dat promulgation, uh-lookin' for some deep, monorous meanin', but dess py sense to it—'ply sense, and what do we find? De fact dat a hole will last longer dan a patch, o' cou'se! Dat's what we finds!"—Puck.

Sam Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," has been the subject of many anecdotes, none of them better than one which I first heard related about him by his friend Matthew Davenport Hill.

Looking in one day at Warren's chambers, Hill noticed that he seemed a little troubled. "It is," said the lawyer-novelist, "most unfortunate. I ought to have dined tonight with the lord chancellor, but Mrs. Warren is about to present me with another olive branch; how can I leave her? I hope his lordship won't be annoyed at my putting him off." "Oh," returned Hill, "don't make yourself uneasy; I am one of the guests; I know him so well, I can tell him all right for you." With these words the visitor prepared to leave the room.

At first profusely grateful, Warren presently seemed a little perplexed, and said: "By the bye, after all, I won't trouble you to say anything about me to the chancellor. Between ourselves, I have not been invited."

"Well," rejoined Hill, "make yourself comfortable on that point; for that matter, neither have I."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Under a tall sycamore in an old-fashioned New England graveyard lie the bones of a once distinguished lawyer. His grave is marked only with a plain headstone containing his name and this epitaph:

"Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."

An Irishman invaded the burying-place one day and, after reading the epitaph a second time, remarked:

"Begorrah, they've put two men in wan grave!"—Saturday Evening Post.

There is a certain old gentleman who partakes of the qualities of the diamond as it is mined, but whose lack of "polish" is a sad trial to his eldest daughter. The old gentleman, as he expresses it, "got thar with both feet when some dude investers come pirutin' round the

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QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES.—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The Editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything in the way of free advertising in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest. We will not answer any questions on religious topics.—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prizes of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask favors by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will answer in print, but never by mail.

Dog Days.

Editor Question Bureau: What are dog days? Why so called?—M. L. R., Fancy Farm, Va.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell me what dog days are reckoned, and what day in the month they begin. How long do they last?—C. R. M., Cleveland, Va.

[These are questions the Bureau always receives about this season of the year. They are never-ending. The came last week, the third week of July. The answer is as follows: We shall give it at this time the answer we gave then, as follows: There is little reason for anyone giving more thought to the subject, as the real danger that is thought to exist during this period is largely the result of imagination. Among the ancients dog days was the period of greatest heat in summer, so named because in the latitudes of the Mediterranean this period nearly corresponded with that in which the dog star rose at the same time with the sun. This conjunction all antiquity, and all latter followers of judicial astrology, held a malignant influence. The rising of the dog star is a very indefinite phenomenon; its precise dates cannot be determined, and owing to the precession of the equinoxes, it does not now rise till the greatest heat of summer is often past. The modern almanac makers sometimes reckon the dog days from July 3 to August 24, and sometimes from July 24 to August 11. So it will be seen that it depends upon what almanac or what dictionary one refers to in seeking information. To our mind it matters little when actual dog days occur. The matter that comes to humanity lies in the heat of the summer.]

Government of Jerusalem.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly tell me how Jerusalem was governed at the time of Christ and at the present time?—A. J. A., Leechburg, Pa.

[At the time of the birth of Jesus Jerusalem was a tributary of Rome, but still had a kingdom, government by its own sovereigns. It shortly after, however, became a province governed by a Roman procurator. The city is at present an independent sanjak, or Turkish administrative district, immediately subject to the government at Constantinople. It has an executive and a town council, with representatives of the religious divisions.]

Mason and Dixon's Line.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please inform me where the Mason and Dixon line runs? A friend and myself have had an argument on the subject. A. D., Cleveland, Tenn.

[The line was originally the parallel of latitude 39 degrees, 43 minutes and 26 seconds, which separates Pennsylvania from Maryland. It was practically the dividing line between the free and the slave states in the east. During the discussion in congress on the Missouri Compromise, John Randolph, of Roanoke, Va., made free use of the phrase, and thereafter it became popular as signifying the dividing line between free and slave territory throughout the country. The boundary, thus extended by popular usage, followed the Ohio river to the Mississippi, then west of that was the parallel of 36 degrees and 30 minutes, the southern boundary of Missouri, though Missouri itself was a slave state.]

Guernsey Island.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give history of Guernsey Island, telling especially of the origin of the name.—E. S., Turner, Ore.

[The history of Guernsey is the history of the group of Channel Islands, of which it is a member. They form the only remains of the Norman province once subject to the English crown. The name Guernsey is from the Celtic, Sarnia, "the Green Isle." These islands are picturesque and fertile and are celebrated for a peculiar breed of cattle, the chief strains of which are the Jersey, Guernsey and the Alderney. The islands are in the English Channel off the west coast of the department La Manche, in France.]

Infringement of Patents.

Editor Question Bureau: If A takes out a patent and B makes or sells something that works on the same principle, but not like it in construction, can A have anything done with B except collect damages for infringement, or can he have him imprisoned? J. B. C., Rutledge, Tenn.

[Imprisonment is not provided as a punishment for those who may infringe the patent rights of others. Damages for infringement of a patent may be recovered by action on the case in the name of the patentee or his assignee. The courts having jurisdiction over such cases have the power to grant injunctions against the violation of any rights secured by the patent; and to allow the recovery of damages sustained by the complainant through such infringement. In such a case the defendant is compelled to furnish an account showing the amount of the articles manufactured and sold and the profits derived from such sale.]

Expulsion for Ouida.

Editor Question Bureau: I read in the issue of The Blade that the English government has granted a pension to Ouida, the novelist. Will you give a biographical sketch of this woman?—M. S., Queenstown, Pa.

[Biographers have never given much information concerning this strange woman, whose real name is Louise de la Ramee. She was born at Bury St. Edmonds in 1840. Little information has been obtained as to her parents. However, it is known that she is partly English, partly French and partly Spanish. Her mother was an English woman, said to have been the daughter of a clergyman, who married, on the continent, a dashing French Spaniard of good family but bad morals. Ouida's father came from one of the towns in the Pyrenees and met her mother somewhere in middle Europe. Of Ouida's young life and of her education nothing authentic has been given to the world. It is declared that she was a girl she traveled much, going from capital after capital of Europe and becoming acquainted at a tender age with some of the most brilliant and vicious circles of those "centers of the brilliant and the vicious."

It is the first that the world knew of Ouida when she appeared as a novelist at the age of 20, at which time she was living in England with her mother. At this time she was known to her friends as La Ramee. Her maiden name was Louise. When came two or three more years. Her name in private life changed with her changing fortunes. She became Louise de la Ramee. Next she became Miss de la Ramee. Finally, when about 30, she blossomed forth under the name she has since used in private life—that of Louise de la Ramee. The nom de plume of Ouida, which she has always used, was her own childish method of pronouncing the name of Louise. When she came to write and began to cast about for a pen name she remembered the lisping of her childhood, and Ouida she became to the world at large. From 1867 dates the first widespread interest of the world in Ouida. In that year she published her Under Two Flags, still read, which attained tremendous popularity and made its author famous. The book was dramatized and is still seen upon the stage. From that time the great public began to inquire about Ouida, began to entertain her, began to give her a prominent place among literary celebrities of the day. And when the public began to do these things it also began to question, "Who is this woman?" "How does she know so much of these things of which she writes?" From whence comes her passion and her cynicism?" But to these questions there was no adequate answer.

About 1877 Ouida decided to make Italy her winter home. She built a beautiful three-story villa near Florence, and here she used to live for months at a time, entertaining at elaborate receptions the cleverest Florentines and the chief foreign visitors to the Italian city. For some unexplained reason, she cared little or nothing for Americans. "I don't care about meeting your nasty Americans," said Ouida to Mrs. John Bigelow. "Indeed," replied Mrs. Bigelow. "I really cannot understand why, as they are the only people who read your nasty books." And thereupon drew Mrs. Bigelow toward her, crying: "Why, you must be an interesting woman." Thereafter, it has been said, Ouida could not extend too many courtesies to Mrs. Bigelow.

Love of dogs has always been one of the distinguishing characteristics of the novelist. Thirty dogs—never less, often more—used to live at her Florentine villa. Whenever she went out several dogs frolicked around her carriage or accompanied her on her walks.

Ouida had always declared that she was above the weakness of love. But in 1880, at the age of 40, she met the Marquis de Stufa, a member of one of the oldest Florentine families. In him she found a man of literary tastes, artistic refinement and passionate energy, who interested her at once. Acquaintance became friendship, and friendship, on Ouida's part, soon became love. It was the first and last love of her life. The marquis, however, while he admired the writer, merely trifled with the woman. He not only failed to fall in love with Ouida, but he proceeded to become engaged and married to a young and beautiful Italian. For weeks thereafter Ouida shut herself up in her villa with her dogs, seeing no one and living the life of an utter recluse. The affair made Ouida for a time the laughing stock of Florence.

Raid of Col. Streight.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a full account of the raid of Colonel Streight and his capture by Gen. N. B. Forrest, in 1864. What companies or regiments composed both armies?—E. T., Carrollton, Ga.

Colonel Streight's raid took place in 1863, not 1864, as our inquirer has it. Of the raid Horace Greeley has written in his story of the American conflict as follows:

"Col. A. D. Streight, Fifty-first Indiana, at the head of 1,800 cavalry was next dispatched (April 29, 1863) by Rosecrans to the rear of Bragg's army, with instructions to cut the railroads in northwestern Georgia, and destroy generally all depots of supplies and manufactories of arms, clothing, etc. Having been taken up the Tennessee on steamboats from Fort Henry to Eastport, Ala., where he was joined by an infantry force under General Dodge, they attacked and captured Suscumbia, inflicting considerable loss on the rebels, and while General Dodge made a sweeping raid through north Alabama, returning ultimately to his headquarters at Corinth, Colonel Streight struck for northern Georgia, expecting to sweep down successfully on Rome and Atlanta, destroying three large manufactories, machine shops and magazines. He was hardly well on his road, however, before Forrest and Roddy, with a superior force of rebel cavalry, were after him; following sharply and easily gaining upon him, through a running fight of over 100 miles; when, his ammunition being exhausted and his men nearly worn out, Streight surrendered, when within 20 miles from Rome. His men were treated as other captives and exchanged; while Streight and his officers were retained for a time in close prison, on a demand of Governor Brown, of Georgia, that they be treated as felons, under a law of that state, which makes the inciting of slaves to rebellion a high crime. The specific charge was that negroes were found among their men in uniform and bearing arms; which was strenuously denied, the few negroes with them being claimed as servants of officers; and the only one who was armed insisting that he was carrying his employer's sword as an act of duty. After a long confinement Streight, with 107 other of our officers, escaped (February 9, 1864) from Libby prison, Richmond, sixty of them, including Streight, making their way to our lines. He estimates his loss in killed and wounded during the raid at 100, including Colonel Hathaway, killed; and puts the rebel loss at five times that number. He surrendered, in all, 1,365 men.

General Lafayette.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a sketch of Gen. Lafayette.—E. T., Carrollton, Ga.

Lafayette, the French general, was born in Auvergne of a noble family, distinguished in the service of the state. As a boy he was a page to the queen. He was still a mere youth when the outbreak of the American revolution excited the sympathy of many high-spirited young men, Lafayette among others. Having equipped a ship at his own expense, he sailed from Bordeaux, with the manifest disapproval of the French government, in April, 1777. Landing in South Carolina, he proceeded northward, was in July appointed a major-general and soon afterward became a fast friend of Washington. He was wounded at Brandywine, served at Monmouth and in the Rhode Island campaign, and sailed for France in 1779, returning time to sit on the board of judges against Andre. In 1781 he commanded in Virginia against Arnold and then against Cornwallis, and earned distinction by his conduct of affairs against the able British general.

After the war Lafayette returned to France, paid, in 1784, a visit to the United States, and on the breaking out of the French revolution he was for a time one of the foremost figures. He commanded the National Guard, but by 1792 the Jacobins removed him, as a moderator, from the eastern department. Escaping to Belgium, he fell into the hands of the Prussians and Austrians and was imprisoned, chiefly at Olmutz, until 1797. He did not accept office during the Napoleonic regime, but was a member of the chamber of deputies in the restoration period. In 1824-25 he visited the United States and was received with much enthusiasm. His last conspicuous service was as commander of the National Guard in the revolutionary days of 1830.

Jane Addams.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a biographical sketch of Jane Addams, of Hull House fame.—F. E. H., Mercer, Mo.

Jane Addams was born at Cedarville, Ill., September 6, 1860. Her father was a Whig member of the Illinois senate during 1854-70, and in 1865 established the Second National bank at Freeport, of which he was president until his death. Miss Addams was graduated at the Rockford female seminary in 1881. She spent two years in Europe. In 1889, with Miss Ellen G. Starr, she founded the Hull House at No. 335 South Halsted street, Chicago, in the part of the city where the population is almost exclusively composed of Italians, Poles, Greeks, Russians, Bohemians, Germans and Syrians. Its object, as declared in its charter, is to provide a center for a civic and social life; to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago. As its head worker Miss Addams has developed the institution into success. Beginning with the ordinary activities of children's clubs, free kindergartens and afternoon teas, including the securing the confidence of the neighborhood, Miss Addams gradually inaugurated instruction courses in literature, languages, music, painting, history, mathematics, elocution, dancing, carpentry, printing, wood carving, metal work, pottery, bookbinding, dressmaking, lacework, basketwork, cooking and many other subjects. There have been organized a large number of clubs, including a working people's social science club for the discussion of social problems; the Hull House men's club, having for one of its objects the cultivation of sobriety and good-fellowship; the Hull House Women's club, with a building of its own; dramatic clubs, an arts and craft society; the municipal order league; an eight-hour club to encourage women in factories and workshops to obey the eight-hour law; and the Jane club, a co-operative boarding club for young women. Hull House also maintains a day nursery, a kindergarten, a gymnasium, bath house, coffee house, playground, penny savings bank, labor museum, temporary lodging house, labor bureau and an orchestra. Lectures, plays and concerts are provided, and many of the most eminent men and women of America and Europe have given their services to instruct or entertain the audiences that assemble there. The weekly attendance has numbered more than 6,000 people. The organization of the settlement has been extremely informal. The residents or workers volunteer their services for six months, and at the end of that period, if they have proved valuable in the work of the house, they are invited to remain. The institution is supported mainly by private contributions. Miss Addams is widely known for her writings and lectures.

Wilson of Second Ohio.

Editor Question Bureau: I read with much interest your account of the Andrews raid. So far as I can remember it is correct, except that some of the raiders belonged to the Second Ohio infantry. Geo. G. Wilson, who was one of the unfortunate men executed, belonged to my mess. He was a fine looking, and an intelligent and kind-hearted gentleman. I remember well when Wilson bade good-bye to his messmates that pleasant April evening, as he started to join a squad of comrades on the outskirts of our camp. We all realized that he was going on a perilous expedition, but we did not know the exact nature of it. We believed the men were sent out to burn bridges and cut telegraph wires, but never dreamed that they were to go so far into the enemy's country, or that they were to capture a railway train. The undertaking was characteristic of a man of General Mitchell's enthusiam and enterprise. The raiders were volunteers, but they were also carefully selected for intelligence, tact, discretion and courage.

I write this because the Second Ohio boys might feel disappointed by your failure to credit any of the Andrews raiders to our regiment.—S. H., Co. B, Second Ohio Infantry, Onno, Wash.

Fast Railway Runs.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell through the Bureau where the fastest train in the world is run, and the distance it runs. What is the next fastest train?—T. H., Whitney, Neb.

The fastest railroad time on record for a distance of over 440 miles was made by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, from Buffalo to Chicago, in June, 1895. The distance is 525 miles, which was covered in 7 hours and 50 minutes, the average number of miles per hour being 69.69. The fastest long-distance run less than 440 miles was on the New York Central railway, Sept. 11, 1895, from New York to Buffalo, 426½ miles, in 407 minutes actual time. Among the fastest regular trains in the United States for a shorter distance are believed to be the New York Central "Empire State Express," between New York and Albany, 143 miles in 160 minutes, and the "Congressional Limited," on the Pennsylvania railroad, which makes the run from New York City to Washington in 4 hours and 46 minutes, a distance of 227 miles. Of long-distance runs in France one is made on the Northern Railway of France by the Paris-Calais express, which runs 185 miles in 184½ minutes, or a fraction over a mile a minute, allowing for a stoppage of 2½ minutes at Amiens.

Sappho.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a brief biographical sketch of Sappho.—M. M., Meadville, Pa.

Sappho was a Greek poet. She was born at Mitylene, or Eresus, island of Lesbos. She was the greatest of ancient poets of her sex and flourished between 630 and 570 B. C. Little is known certainly of the events of her life. On account of political commotions she left Lesbos for Sicily. But in later years she returned to Mitylene, where she became the center of a female coterie, a school of poetry of which the famous Erinna was a member. She was the author of various poems, hymns, odes, elegies, epigrams, of which only two complete pieces, an ode To Aphrodite and To a Maiden, together with some fragments, have come down to us. She is said to have invented several metres; at least one still bears her name.

Miscellaneous.

M. S. G., Colman, S. D.: James Fitzgerald, the judge who heard the Thaw case, is a member of the New York supreme court, which is composed of 76 members. The highest judicial tribunal in that state is the court of appeals.

A. N., Parkerburg, W. Va.: We are not familiar with the Canadian marriage laws. As Americans often cross the border and get married, we take it that the task is not a difficult one, the proper way being to select your bride before going.

A. J. W., Philadelphia, Mo.: Direct your question to some pension attorney, or person who has made a special study of the pension laws.

R. F. R., Dalton, Neb.: The Bureau cannot answer questions concerning any particular coal or other mines of Nova Scotia.

M. B., Bryant, Mo.: A "type form" in drawing means an original or typical form.

C. C. L., Richwood, Ind.: For answer to your question read the Farmstead column in last week's Blade.

G. W. H., Harrisville, W. Va.: We surely do not know how many branches the Standard Oil company has.

J. M. M., Norfolk, Va.: As has often been stated in these columns, the book on Andersonville prison is out of print. The Blade does not know where copies may be obtained.

E. B. M., Hornell, N. Y.: Theodore Roosevelt was 24 years of age when elected to the New York legislature; he served two years. William Jennings Bryan was 31 years of age when elected to congress; he served four years.

F. C., Cobbs, W. Va.: We are not sure that we comprehend what you mean by your question, therefore cannot undertake to answer it.

A Scientific Opinion.

There is a certain cooking school in the loop district where every day in the week large classes of girls convene for instruction in the gentle art of raising the dough.

Last week a class of thirty rather impractical girls, as most of them are, was studying the doughnut scientifically.

One of the dullest pupils in the class, who never could learn to boil water without burning it, was rather inattentive while the teacher was lecturing on "sinkers."

Thinking to catch her and administer a rebuke on her inattention, the teacher suddenly broke and asked: "Miss Smith, what is the healthiest part of the doughnut?"

Miss Smith straightened up, flushed up, stood up and replied: "Why—why, the hole, I believe."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I was discussing this matter one evening with an Englishman, and he told me a story. He said that he once gave a dinner in honor of a famous missionary from the South Seas, and several of the more beautiful of the ladies among his guests wore gowns that were rather outrageous. Afterward, in the smoking-room, the host felt it his duty to apologize for these ladies.

"'Their gowns,' he said, 'may have struck you as somewhat immodest, sir, but I assure you that no immodesty was intended. It is the fashion here in London, that is all.'

"'Oh, don't apologize,' said the missionary. 'It hasn't affected me in the least. You forget that I have lived eight years among the savages.'"

One Editor's Tribute to Another.

The impersonal character of the editorial work on the great papers of this country makes the following tribute to Editor Horatio W. Seymour, late of the Chicago Chronicle, by Sam T. Clover, now of Los Angeles, but formerly an associate of Mr. Seymouor in Chicago journalism, peculiarly interesting:

When the Chicago Chronicle ceased publication, the Evening News expressed the opinion that the newspaper securing the service of Mr. Horatio W. Seymour, the able editor-in-chief of the defunct paper, and former editor of the old Chicago Herald, would draw a rare prize. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the sagacious owner of the New York World and St. Louis Post-Dispatch, was first in the field to bid for the talented newspaper man, who will assume the editorship of the Post-Dispatch July 1, at a salary 50 per cent. in excess of that he received in Chicago.

Too little is known of the really great newspaper men of the country, of whom Mr. Seymour is one of the greatest. Modest as a young girl as to his accomplishments, quiet of speech, too reserved for his own welfare, he has allowed his personality to be effaced in the years that he has been attached to the Walsh papers. But every man who has worked under this earnest, thoughtful, dignified editor, this man of remarkable attainments, has cause to be grateful for the personal contact, the mental uplift received. He has infused style and right thinking into many a youngster now far from Chicago newspaper fields, and his influence for good extends to all parts of the country—wherever his former subordinates have found lodgment.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.

Very heavy are the burdens of some of the high offices in Great Britain and leaders have been driven to curious methods to prevent breakdown. When Robert Lowe was chancellor of the exchequer he laid down 90 feet of asphalt and got himself a pair of roller skates. That was his method of mastering a liver and the fatigues of office. Earl Spencer, when in Ireland, during the darkest days of his office, found riding fast and far the one thing to relieve his spirits of gloom. Gladstone cut down the trees and translated the classics; Lord Randolph Churchill went racing. Palmerton fought his battle against weariness in the very workshop itself. The late Sir James Paget found him at work, standing at a high desk, and told him that he really must take more rest. Palmerston answered that it was impossible; that it had now become his habit to work while standing. Formerly he had been so overworked that he used to fall asleep while sitting writing at his table. To conquer this weakness he took to standing, "for," he said, "if I fall down that wakes me."

General Smirnoff writes of General Stoessel's conduct during the siege of Port Arthur: "The timidity of Stoessel was such that he never appeard in the fighting lines, but he abused the population as 'poltroons' and 'rascals.' When, in September, several shells fell near our lodgings, Stoessel moved to the house of General Volkoff, in another part of the town. His flowers and part of his household things had been moved when a shell struck Volkoff's house. The things were then taken back to the old place. Toward the end of November the enemy began shelling us from 11-inch mortars, and Stoessel again removed, this time to the vicinity of the barracks of the Tenth regiment, which was out of range. There he lived in perfect safety until the enemy was able to shell his quarters also. Thereupon he hastened to surrender. Such pusillanimity made him the constant laughing stock not only of the officers, but of the rank and fine and civilians as well, but whenever he caught an one ridiculing him he took the cruelest vengeance."

Louis Brennan, inventor of the monorail train, is an Irish-Australian, who had already acquired fame and fortune from the torpedo which he elaborated during years of patient study and experiment in an unpretentious back street of Melbourne. He is a native of Castlebar, in the west of Ireland, and as a boy of 11 arrived in Melbourne with his emigrating parents in 1863. Apprenticed to a civil engineer he displayed unusual aptitude in the mastery of details. He was only 22 when the first idea of his torpedo occurred to him and from that time until he was 35, when the invention was purchased by the British war office for $550,000, he was working night and day to bring it to perfection and interest naval and military authorities in its powers and potentialities.

MUZZLED.

The poet dares not
Write of spring,
He dares not write
Of grapevine swing,
He dares not write
Of bending boughs,
He dares not write
Of loving cows,
He dares not write
Of welkin' blue,
He dares not write
Of lovers true,
He dares not write
Of tinkling streams,
He dares not write
Of ripples' gleam,
He dares not write
Of limbs that swish,
He dares not write
Of catching fish,
He dares not write
Of booming seas,
He dares not write
Of honey bees,
He dares not write
Of lighthouse glim,
Of chorus girl
Or shapely limb,
Of flying boat,
Or gleaming wake,
Lest it be called
A nature fake.

—Houston Post.

CARE OF THE HANDS.

Ugly Ones Made Attractive by Treatment.

Proper management of their hands is a thing all women should learn. Few are born so graceful that they are unconscious of these members, which can do more to express awkwardness than any other part of the body.

Having something to hold is the greatest possible help in overcoming this defect, and a girl going through the hobbledehoy age, when she acts as though doubtful of whether her hands really were hers or not, should always carry a purse, umbrella, parasol, fan or something, however small, over which her fingers may close, for some such article will do more than kind words to set her at her ease. In dramatic schools both women and men are given something to hold at all times until they become so accustomed to the stage as no longer to feel shyness, and a cane or umbrella is recognized as being a powerful factor in the development of natural grace.

If pretty hands are unfortunately, are uncommon, but happy owners of this real beauty make a mistake by allowing them to become overconspicuous. The hands are evident enough at all times, and to flourish and wave them is neither graceful nor well-mannered. To appear at all times unconscious of them is the thing to strive for.

If pretty hands are rare, interesting ones are not, and it is by no means necessary that they shall be of the "picture" type in order to be nice.

No care, however, is too great to be expended upon them, and every hand should show good manicuring, scrupulous cleanliness and a healthy condition of skin. All three of these characteristics are quite within the reach of every woman and are to be attained chiefly at the expense of effort rather than money, for if one cannot afford a manicure once a week, but if this is impossible a woman may still have her nails well smoothed and shaped, and by their neatness indicate her care. There is never a nail so homely that it cannot be made to look better by tearing it of superfluous cuticle and rounding the top nicely. A high polish should be avoided except where the nails are nice enough to bear inspection. If not naturally well shaped and fine there is no use in accentuating them by a conspicuous polish.

The wearing of cheap rings is one of the greatest blemishes an unattractive hand may have. Far from hiding its homeliness, they attract attention to it. Very elegant rings make one forget the hand wearing them, but jewels handsome enough to do this are the exceptions.

A woman need not mind that her hand is large, for frequently it indicates strength of character, generosity and other desirable traits.

Big gloves worn when sweeping or dusting protect both skin and nails, and rubber gloves when the hands must go into water prevent harm. A liberal application of cold cream and careful washing with fine soap after several hours of being at the wash tubs will keep the skin from drying, especially if there is a second application of cream after the laving with toilet soap.

A BRIGHT, FROTHY TRAGEDY.

"What I want," Francis Wilson told an amateur dramatist, "is a bright, frothy tragedy—something crisp and snappy."

"How do you mean?" asked the would-be author, slightly puzzled. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Wilson. "Here's one. Just a little thing in one act, you know.

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young man. They embrace. Neither says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the natural inference of every discriminating playgoer.

"The husband takes off his coat, draws a revolver, and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine, fires.

"The young woman falls dead.

"He fires again. The young man falls dead.

"Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work.

"'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'"—Everybody's.

SISTER SUNSHINE.

Sister Sunshine's sweet on me,
Takes my hand and sets me free,
Lifts the shadow from my face,
Airily, with dainty grace!
Sister Sunshine, how she smiles,
Till the heart forgets its trials!
Down the lane she dances sweet
With the blossoms at her feet,
And we follow, sister fair,
Brothers of forgotten care!
Sister Sunshine, oh, thou art
Sweeter than an old sweetheart!

—Baltimore Sun.

Larry, the Insane Horse.

Though getting old for a lumber camp, Larry is still a very powerful horse; but for some years he has been mentally unbalanced. Larry came from Michigan; came as a foal and grew up to the work of skidding logs. He had many drivers, of many nations, and they treated him with varying degrees of consideration. One of his drivers made a bet with another teamster that Larry and his mate could skid more logs than any other team in the camp. The bet was made, and was a day appointed for the test. From the gray dawn until the going down of the sun that day the horses were under the lash, and when the day's work was done it was discovered that Larry and his mate had carried to the camp 862 logs, measuring nearly 70,000 feet of yellow pine! That was the biggest day's work ever done in the camp. Next day, when poor Larry was led out of the stable, he was stupid. He did not understand a word that was said to him. His strength was not impaired, but his mind, so horse doctors said, was a blank.

He was so stupid that they could not work him. Gallagher's assistant, seeing Larry in the stable and not knowing his condition, took him out to ride him to the woods. Larry stood like a post. He hung his head and let the man tug at the bridle. Then, infuriated, the "boss" mounted Larry and gave his orders, but the poor brute stood still. He was dazed. Then, in rage, he coaxed Larry to a tree, tied him there by a strong bridle, got a dogwood skid, and by a terrible blow on the head felled poor Larry to the ground, where he lay bleeding at the nose and ears. For a while it was thought he was dead. Why he was not dispatched or who came to his rescue is not recorded, but Larry regained consciousness and, in the course of time, his lost strength; but his mind was a thing of the past. What became of his mate or of the other team nobody seemed to know. Larry carried all the honor. He carries now the scar.

Then came Ollie, who is now, and has been since his arrival, the biggest man in the camp; and to his care was given old Larry, and as a mate for him the majestic young four-year-old Steel seemed to understand Larry, and Ollie understood both—treated them kindly, and now they haul more lumber than any other team in the camp.—Alexander Irvine, in Appleton's.

Some Old Trees.

A correspondent of Park's Floral Magazine furnishes the following interesting information about some very old trees:

A statement recently made that there are Yews in England that are the oldest living things on this earth is not correct. These Yews are old, very, very old; there is no doubt about that; some of them were stalwart trees even before Caesar landed on these shores. There is one now standing in the church yard at Fortingal, in Perthshire, which Decandolle, nearly a century ago, proved to the satisfaction of botanists, to be over twenty-five centuries old, and another at Hedsoe, in Buclas, which is 3,240 years old. How Decandolle arriving at apparently a correct estimate of the enormous age of these living trees is doubtless well known today to all. The Yew, like most other trees, adds one line (about 1-10 of an inch) to its circumference each year. He proved this after an investigation extending over several years, and we know now, 100 years later, that his deductions were correct. The old Yew at Hedsoe has a trunk twenty-seven feet in diameter, proving its great age, and it is in a flourishing, healthy condition now, like its brother at Fortingal.

Their years are few, though, compared with some others. In one chapter of his writings, Humboldt refers to a gigantic Baobab tree in Central Africa as the "oldest organic monument" in the world. This tree has a trunk twenty-nine feet in diameter, and Adanson, by a series of careful measurements, demonstrated that it had lived for no less than 5,150 years.

Still it is not the oldest organic monument in the world, as Humboldt declared, for now Mexican scientists have proved that a huge cypress tree, standing in Chepultepec, with a trunk 118 feet in circumference, is older than it is older, too, by more than a thousand years—for it has been shown conclusively as these things can be shown, that its age is about 6,260 years. To become impressed with wonder over this, one has only to dwell on that duration for a little while in thought.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Patience—"Is she doing anything to preserve her voice?" Patrice—"Well, she sang into a phonograph the other day."—Yonkers Statesman.

He fell today; I may fall tomorrow.—Latin.

Hicks—"A woman will always have the last word." Wicks—"Oh, I don't know. She'll always give you a chance to apologize."—Boston Transcript.

About the best any woman can do when she attempts to make a fool of a man is to act as nature's assistant.—Chicago News.

"Mrs. Smartleigh seems like a very capable woman." "Yes, indeed. She's the chief regent of the Daughters of the Panama Canal Commission."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Oh, how portentious is prosperity! How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines!—Young.

She—"Don't you feel well, dear?" He—"My head feels heavy. Do you suppose those biscuits you made could have gone to my head?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Be prudent with valor and brave without ostentation.—Agricola.

Mother—"Matthew, did you take that large piece of cake out of the pantry? For shame of yourself! I didn't think it was in you!" Matthew—"Well, it isn't all, mummy. Some of it's in sister Edie."—Boston Globe.

Mr. Fussey—"I don't see why you wear those ridiculously big sleeves when you have nothing to fill them." Mrs. Fussy—"Do you fill your silk hat?"—Chicago Journal.

Heirs of the Air.

In the old day, when county councils were yet undreamed of, and no stringent regulations hampered the egg-collector, a good deal of interest was taken by those who robbed the nests scientifically and with self-imposed restraint, in contrasting the long period required by some eggs to hatch out with the shorter time that suffices those of other birds.

Something of this great difference would seem to depend on a corresponding variation of habit in several species.

Thus, the owls, solemn birds, strongly imbued with the obligations of the married state, mostly begin to sit as soon as the first egg appears, so that the eggs, having a fair field and no favor, hatch out in precisely the same order as that in which they are laid.

With the majority of smaller birds another habit prevails, for these do not commence to sit in earnest until the full clutch, perhaps a dozen in number is complete. This obviously means that the earlier egs in the nest have had time to grow cold, and must be warmed up again.

As a result, the eggs are hatched out in the inverse order of laying. It is a good thing that bird life is devoid of litigation, otherwise what terrible arguments this difference between first-laid and first-hatched might lead to!—London Answers.

Ominous.

The late Senator Morgan, discussing "red rubber," said of a certain Belgian report:

"It seems harmless on its face, but between the lines an ominous meaning is hidden." The senator smiled. "It reminds me," he said, "of the old miser of my native Athens. This miser hated to part with money, and to the physician who was just bringing him round from a long illness, he said one day:

"Ah, doctor, we have known each other such a long time, I don't intend to insult you by settling your account in cash; but I have put you down for a handsome legacy in my will."

"The doctor looked thoughtful.

"'Allow me,' he said, 'to look at that prescription again. I wish to make a slight alteration in it.'"

Bought of a Speculator.

Despairingly the Christian Scientist gazed upon the walls of heaven. In vain he had pleaded with old St. Peter. That worthy keeper of the keys had mutely pointed to the fateful sign which hung above his window. On this was inscribed:

"Tickets Bought of Speculators Will Be Refused at the Gate."—Harvard Lampoon.

Tobacco Without Nicotine.

Consul-General Frank H. Mason, of Paris, reports on the introduction of "nicotineless tobacco" in France: "What is popularly known as 'nicotineless tobacco' in France is simply ordinary tobacco which has been treated by washing with water until the ordinary proportion of 2½ per cent of nicotine has been reduced to 1 per cent. In this form it is used for smoking in pipes and for the manufacture of cigarettes, which find a certain favor among smokers who prefer a light flavor or who, by reason of nervous or cardiac weakness, are wary of nicotine. The tobacco used is a mixture of French, American and oriental tobaccos, prepared by the 'regie' or government establishments, which has a monopoly of the manufacture of tobacco, cigars and cigarettes in this country. It has a somewhat rank but not unpleasant flavor and is the cheapest, most popular form of tobacco used in France for smoking purposes.

"About eight months ago the French government, finding that there was a growing demand for a so-called 'nicotineless tobacco,' which had been made on a small scale by certain druggists and which was also manufactured in Belgium, began the manufacture of a similar product by denicotinizing ordinary tobacco through the action of water, which, in reducing the proportion of nicotine from 2½ to 1 per cent, also washes out other ingredients, so that the weight of the tobacco is reduced, according to the quality of the leaf, from 15 to 30 per cent.

"It is this loss of weight rather than the actual expense of the process which constitutes the cost of denicotinizing and explains the fact that this ordinary tobacco, which sells at $2.41 per kilo (2.2 pounds), is advanced in value when denicontized to $3.08 per kilo. The process of washing is simple and is facilitated by the use of automatic machinery, but it requires careful and constant supervision by a skilled and trustworthy operator in order that a uniform product, containing the specified percentage of nicotine, may be obtained."

Mule-Made Fame.

"There's no telling what moment a man's fortune may turn or what may decide the turning," remarked the visitor, who had been listening to the interchange of stories.

"That's so," agreed one of the bystanders. "The only question is whether the man's got the wit to see the chance and the grit to make use of it." "Well, even that isn't always necessary. I was out on the frontier some years back when a young fellow I knew to be a 'white head' was promoted in his regiment and paragraphed in all the eastern papers for his courage and coolness. He had been sent out to meet an attacking party of Indians. He did not want to go a bit. He actually trembled when he confessed to me it was his first call to dangerous duty and he'd give anything on earth to be out of the affair. In less than 24 hours the station was ringing with the way he had held his ground, even when his men had beat a retreat. It was a miracle he wasn't captured or killed, staying there singlehanded to face and fire on the advancing foe—"

"Just one of those instances of a man finding his native courage in the presence of real danger?"

"Not a bit of it. He was riding a mule, and just at the critical moment the animal planted his feet and refused to budge."—Exchange.

Their Wedding Gifts.

Danny Tracy, widower, did his second courting through a matrimonial agency, and in time formed an alliance with Abigail Jones, who lived in a neighboring state. He went to her home for the ceremony, and seemed rather ill at ease while it was being performed.

When they were safely married he cleared his throat and announced to his bride that he had a confession to make.

"It's about the wedding present I have for you," he said. "I thought—that is, I—wal, I calculated it would be a nice surprise. I have four children at home waiting to call you mother."

Mrs. Tracy nodded her head approvingly.

"'Twill be more companionable for the little Joneses," she said.

"The Joneses!" gasped Danny. "And who are they?"

"There's six of them, Danny, dear," said his new wife. "They're my wedding present to you."—Youth's Companion.

An Unsavory Source.

Mrs. Donald McLean, who has been re-elected president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, said of ancestry at a dinner in New York:

"I think we would all, if we had our choice, prefer to be well born. Good children are more apt to come from good parents than from bad parents. Then, besides, good birth is a recommendation. In everything, everything, we consider the source.

"It is like the story of the school teacher. There was a teacher, teaching in a very poor neighborhood, who received daily gifts of flowers from one of her pupils, a ragged little boy. The flowers were of all sorts, sometimes costly hothouse blooms, sometimes simple, old-fashioned garden flowers. As a rule, they were somewhat faded.

"One day the boy brought the teacher a great bouquet of mauve orchids. To be sure they were much wilted, but none the less it could be seen that they had once cost a great deal of money. The puzzled teacher, as she took them, said:

"'Jimmy, where do you get all these flowers that you give me? You don't steal them, I hope?'

"'Oh, no, ma'am,' the youngster answered. 'Father's an ash man.'"

Wigs Made of Glass.

The enormous feminine demand for artificial coils and

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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The emperor of Korea may now wish that he had learned a good trade when he was a young man.

A spinster who has had a grievance against only one man is often inclined to condemn men in general.

One way to guard against prostration from the heat is to avoid all talk about a revision of the tariff.

Georgia is going to have prohibition. Then will follow the task of making prohibition prohibit.

Taft is planning another western trip. The west may soon get the idea that William is her steady company.

Notwithstanding he is not a candidate for renomination, President Roosevelt is in favor of continued prosperity.

A Pennsylvania man caught a fish that had swallowed a puppy. The puppy must have been about so —— long.

The attorney general of Idaho isn't one of those who doubt Harry Orchard's tales. He says Orchard must hang.

The time is fast approaching when an airship will have to fall several thousand feet to attract attention.

Tinkering with the tariff might not be so serious if it didn't involve tinkering with prosperity at the same time.

"President Roosevelt is studying birds with an opera glass." He used the naked eye when studying nature fakirs.

An Indiana spinster lived seventy years without speaking to a man. She must hold the record for sustained grouch.

The war talk appears to have had the one effect of inducing prominent Japanese to tell how dearly Japan loves us.

Thank heaven, we have too much faith in the sex to believe the story that women are going to try to grow full beards.

Many a town remains on the map for years and is never noticed until it becomes the scene of a disastrous railroad wreck.

So far as we have been able to observe the new theory that the soul of man resembles an oyster isn't making much headway.

Perhaps you will spread it on a little thinner now that the discovery has been made that a trust is keeping up the price of butter.

That Illinois preacher has found out some things about kissing that he could never have discovered without actual experience.

The preacher who maintains that there are three heavens is evidently trying to hold his congregation through the heated term.

The almanacs can't agree as to the exact beginning of dog days, but mad dog scares may be started at any time from July 3 to August 24.

Mr. E. H. Harriman no doubt has lost faith in the man who predicted that we would have no hot weather during the summer of 1907.

With the price of platinum up to $2.50 an ounce, has it occurred to anybody to look under the bed in search of a platinum trust?

The phonograph would be a great invention if it would get over the habit of preserving records of songs most people would like to forget.

William Jennings Bryan announces that he is not in favor of immediate government ownership of railroads. He must want to save the issue for 1912.

The king of Sweden wants to know why Swedes leave home. Maybe it is because they have good reason to believe that Minnesota is a better country than Sweden.

There appears to be great rivalry among the scientists to discover something new concerning Mars. It doesn't hurt Mars and seems to amuse the scientists.

Maybe the minister of the gospel who says there are three heavens is simply trying to please various members of his flock who realize that they could never be happy if they had to stay in one place.

Persons who a few days ago talked about war between the United States and Japan should now shut up and listen to those who can give several dozen reasons why there will be no war.

The Ohio man who came home after fifteen years' absence and found his wife happily married, walked out the back door with the promise never to return. Some men have no sentiment in them.

It is said that one of Captain Hobson's dreams is of a factory in Alabama that will turn out one hundred battleships a day. Anyhow the captain cannot be accused of a lack of local pride. He doesn't want the big things to go outside his own state.

Mosquitoes held up a railway train in Iowa the other day. Of course they had to band together in great numbers to accomplish their purpose. While mosquitoes are often reckless, no half-dozen of them would be daredevils enough to attempt to stop a train of cars.

DEATH TO LOBBYING.

President Winchell, of the Rock Island, announces that his company will hereafter have nothing to do with the maintenance of legislative lobbies, that it purposes taking the people into its confidence and accepting such privileges as they choose to give. If the Rock Island adheres rigidly to this policy it marks an important change in the modern method of railroading, and we have no doubt the approval of the change by the people will compel all railroads to adopt similar tactics.

The lobby is the most pernicious thing in American life. We can readily trace most of our industrial ills to it. The system has developed a class of men without conscience. Their business is to debauch legislatures, and while at first their methods were secretive, apparent immunity from punishment has made them bold. Criminals themselves, they seduce their fellowmen until criminal ramifications extends into almost every avenue of public life.

How it started, whether the first suggestion came from the corporation or from the individual intrusted with office, is not material, but it is more than probable it had its origin in the well-meaning generosity of some one who had received a substantial grant or franchise at the hands of an official, and who, after the transaction was completed, could see no harm in making an appreciative gift. The transition from this incident to the present wholesale system of bribing and lobbying, was comparatively easy. The gift suggested possibilities, and when corporations discovered that a grant or franchise could be readily secured through the means of an intelligent lobbyist and might otherwise be lost to them, the lobby became a fixed institution. If the privilege desired was incompatible with public interest, the value of the lobbyist was greatly enhanced, because his work became more dangerous.

And the people have been taxed for the iniquity. The more bribe money required, the higher the price demanded by the lobbyist for his services, the more exacting became the corporation and the less attention they paid to the law.

Suppose now, all of this is wiped out. Suppose the Rock Island pursues its chosen policy and abandons its efforts to influence legislatures, and suppose other railroads and industrial corporations do the same, what a revolution will be effected! Going back to honest methods, these corporations will place their reliance on the judgment of the people. If they want privileges that the people deem reasonable, they will make direct application for them and accept the decision of the people. Not having to divide bribe money among legislators nor to pay for the services of a high salaried lobby, their expenses will be radically reduced, and this saving they can divide legitimately with their patrons in the way of reduced rates or improved service. It will deprive the lobbyist of his graft and drive him to seek honest employment, and it will close the avenue of office to many whose only purpose in desiring, and striving for office has been "for what there is in it."

WAR CLOUD A MYTH.

The yellow journals have declared war between the United States and Japan.

They base their declaration on the theory that Japanese success over Russia has turned the heads of the little brown men who are sighing for more worlds to conquer. These trouble-encouraging newspapers have furnished the Japanese a pretext in the attack by a mob on the Japanese restaurants in San Francisco.

But President Roosevelt says there will be no war.

Ambassador Aoki scouts the idea of war as being without any basis of truth whatever. He says his countrymen are for peace, not war, and that they are ambitious for brain-expanding, not bloodletting. They want to learn how to do things and how to develop intellectually as well as commercially.

Admiral Yamamoto, Japan's minister of marine during the war with Russia, and one of the greatest naval strategists of the period, says that Japan admires this country and entertains the hope that our relations will be even more cordial in the future than they have been in the past.

Japan is not unmindful of the fact that peace was forced by the kind offices of President Roosevelt and at a time when Japanese resources had been stretched to the limit. Why, then, should Japan turn now on the nation that befriended her, on the people whose moral support gave her soldiers courage and her financial agents recognition in the money marts of the world?

Of course there are people in both countries who are straining every effort to bring about a rupture, but they are actuated by selfish interests, not patriotic motives. We prefer to believe Roosevelt and Aoki and Yamamoto, rather than the yellow journals of either country.

ENORMOUS IMMIGRATION.

More than a million and a quarter of immigrants arrived in this country during the year ending June 30.

Not only was this an increase over the previous year, but it was the largest in the country's history.

These foreigners came from all countries. Russia is sending people by the hundred thousands.

Comparatively few of this enormous influx are Japanese. Many are less desirable than the natives of the flowery kingdom.

Year after year we hear of stricter immigration laws, but the hordes continue to come.

When will Uncle Sam's powers of assimilation reach the limit?

OUR INLAND WATERWAYS.

Congressman Burton will retire from the chairmanship of the committee on rivers and harbors to devote his undivided attention to the Inland Waterways commission, of which he is the official head.

The Blade has referred frequently to the unparalleled record of Mr. Burton During the twelve years of his chairmanship he has never failed to pass the appropriation bill and practically as drafted by the committee, a really remarkable achievement.

There is no citizen of this country better posted than is Mr. Burton on the subject of inland waterways, and it is this knowledge that has won him success. He was not content to take information second-hand concerning contemplated improvements of rivers and harbors. He wanted to see for himself and therefore he has made a profound study of the question.

While there would be a vigorous protest from all parts of the country were Chairman Burton to wholly eliminate himself from this important branch of American development, the fact that he is to be at the head of a commission whose duties are confined exclusively to the subject, is cause for rejoicing, for it means that our inland marine commerce is to be given more attention than heretofore. And guided by so thoroughly practical a man as Mr. Burton, the commission should, and doubtless will, render most valuable service.

TRAGEDY OF THE GEORGIA.

The present stage of the world's progress has not been attained without human sacrifice. Some of our greatest inventions have been suggested by tragedy. Explosions on battleships have drawn the attention of designers to many defects that human foresight failed to discover. The United States government has sought in every way to construct its floating forts in a manner that would insure the safety of the brave men who handle these great engines of destruction. And yet, when it seemed that a very high degree of perfection had been attained, the wires flash the terrible disaster that befell the magnificent warship Georgia while engaged in target practice.

A spark coming from no one knows where, fell on one of the cases of powder just as it was about to be placed in an eight-inch gun. Some of the gunners saw it, a little brown patch smoldering on the inflamable material with which the powder was covered. Instinctively they knew the danger and their first thought was of their comrades. They shouted a warning and then fell to the floor. But escape was impossible. There was a flash and every inch of space in the turret was filled with torturing, flesh-eating flame. Not a man of the brave squad escaped injury and several were fatally burned.

One cannot read the account of that holocaust without horror unspeakable. And we wonder why the necessity of this sacrifice in times of peace, why it is that human ingenuity cannot provide against these accidents. Of course there will be an investigation just as there was an investigation of the explosions on the Kentucky and other battleships. And if the cause can be determined, it is sure to follow that some bright mind in the department will devise some method for preventing a repetition. But it seems strange that we must suffer a loss of valiant lives as a spur to genius, that a sacrifice of some kind is essential to our economic development.

The Blade's Popular Premium.

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS

This Announcement Is of Interest to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

The demand of our subscribers for Blade premium curtains will never cease. It is an article useful in every household, and since we give them, and do not sell them, it is a matter of real benefit to subscribers of The Blade. Already have we given nearly 100,000 pairs of these curtains to our subscribers, and in arranging for this season's supply, which will be larger than ever, we find the cost of manufacturing increased fully twenty-five per cent. Notwithstanding this we shall continue to give them more freely than ever. We have these curtains made especially for our purposes—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair) postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair or two pairs of these curtains postpaid by mail. By August 1st the many whose subscriptions expire during August should have our propositions. If not received by August 4th drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the cheapest and best weekly newspaper in the world, and will be the most popular paper printed during the coming presidential campaign. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain propositions. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to August subscribers only, and thirty days later the September people will have their turn, and so on in order of expirations. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our August propositions by September 1st, you will never have the opportunity again, because beginning with that date we shall deal with September subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all of our August names, and a large number of new ones as well.

THE DEADLY FLARE-BACK.

The naval board appointed to investigate the tragedy of the battleship Georgia, after a thorough examination, has reached the conclusion that the accident was caused by a "flare-back," a bit of burning cloth which came from the gun as a remnant from the shot previous.

But the "flare-back" is not new to gunners. Many explosions have been traced to them, and it has been the aim of experts to reduce the danger to the minimum. So after every discharge the interior of the gun is treated to a bath of air at a pressure which is supposed to remove every particle of dust.

The guns in the Georgia's turret were provided with the latest appliances for safety and efficiency. How then could there have been a "flare-back?" Captain McCrea explains that the boys wanted to do better than the gunners of the other battleships and in their eagerness they did not apply the air pressure long enough to insure safety. It looked as if they were about to establish a new record for the American navy and in the moment of victory they relaxed in their precaution.

The frightful sacrifice of good red fighting blood in this mad race for honors should convince the government that certain restrictions must be placed on battleship practice. Gunners must be taught that the race is not always to the swift and that human ingenuity never can wholly eliminate the danger attending the discharge of these monster engines of war. To gain only a second or two of time, the men in that fated turret of the Georgia not only put their lives in the balance, but imperilled the ship and its entire crew. And that kind of a game is not worth the candle.

A WREATH FROM YAMAMOTA.

Admiral Yamamota promptly sent a wreath to be placed on the bier of those brave seamen who lost their lives in the explosion on the battleship Georgia.

And he forwarded a telegram to President Roosevelt expressing his deep sorrow over the catastrophe.

We do not know exactly how it will be done, but we feel sure the yellow journals will construe these acts as sinister and designing, and the American people will again be warned to look out for treachery. It seems incredible that there are human beings so devoid of all feeling that they do not hesitate to put a commercial value on sincerity itself.

The entire anti-Japanese campaign has been conducted with sordid motives. The slightest patriotic impulse should have caused the authors to refrain lest the friction might grow to a serious misunderstanding, but patriotism does not appear in the lexicon of the man who thrives off the woe and sorrow he can bring into the world.

Yet even at the risk of offending the yellow sheets, and of deceiving ourselves as to the motives of the Japanese admiral, we cannot help expressing appreciation for his kindly act. We still have faith that not all the milk of human kindness has soured.

"JAPANNING" KOREA.

The emperor of Korea has resigned, it is said, under pressure from the Japanese government, and in favor of the crown prince, a man of weak and vacillating nature. The affair has caused a profound sensation in Korea, and faithful adherents of the aged emperor threaten to rebel against the "unwarranted interference" of Japan.

The treaty of Portsmouth recognized the "preponderating influence" of Japan in Korea, but manifestly there is a vast difference in the meaning of that term as ordinarily defined and as interpreted by statesmen. Marquis Ito, who is the aggressive spirit in Japanese politics, assumes, if we may depend on the truth of the reports from Korea, that it means ultimate annexation. Therefore the forced retirement of the emperor is only one of a series of steps to be taken before Korea becomes wholly Japanese territory. With a weak man ruling the Koreans, it will be an easy matter for Marquis Ito to so control affairs that the unhappy people will be glad enough to embrace a Japanese protectorate.

And in the mean time, hordes of Japanese are swarming into the fertile country to aid the campaign of assimilation.

UNCLE JOE DISTANCED.

Charles Warren Fairbanks, candidate for President, a cold man?

Certainly not.

Has he not opened his home and made of his private lawn a public park?

Has he not invited his friends and neighbors of Indianapolis to attend lawn fetes and parties at his home?

Does he not drink buttermilk with farmers from Maine to California?

This week, in far-off Oregon, did he not hobnob with a bunch of section hands for an hour?

Did he not eat with the foreman, and call him an old friend?

Could Uncle Joe Cannon do better?

Could Teddy Roosevelt himself do anything to prove that he is nearer the "common people"?

Has not Mr. Fairbanks' biographer heralded to the world that Charles Warren was born in a log cabin, even though there is some difficulty in locating just the spot on which the aforesaid cabin stood?

Fairbanks a cold man? It certainly must be another Fairbanks who is not a candidate for the presidency.

THE COLONEL'S DARK HORSE.

Col. Watterson's dark horse is no longer a secret. Someone to whom the colonel gave his confidence leaked and now it is being heralded from Maine to California that John A. Johnson, Democratic governor of Minnesota, is the man.

And why not Johnson?

He is a self-made man. His mother, widowed in early life, with several children to feed, took in washing. Almost before John could talk he was a breadwinner and for years he was his mother's aid and comfort.

He was elected governor of Minnesota by 10,000 plurality the same year that Theodore Roosevelt carried the state for the Republican national ticket by 170,000. The next campaign was in an off year, when the Republicans had no national issue to contend for, and Johnson received over 70,000 votes more than his opponent.

That shows the running qualities of Johnson, and it is bound to have weight with the delegates in the next Democratic convention.

Another reason advanced in Johnson's favor is that he has not been identified with factions. Never having participated in national contests, he has no powerful enemies within his party to give him the knife, while they who know him well and have studied his political history, declare there is no weak spot in his record.

The Blade is not interested in the decision of the Democratic convention, only to the extent that we believe the safety and prosperity of the nation are best served when all parties nominate good and wise men. Then a change of administration can be accepted with serenity.

Col. Watterson has already built his platform, although he naively admits that Bryan, and not he, will control the convention. But there is no harm in the suggestion, and should the Democrats nominate Johnson on the issue "back to the constitution," the colonel would feel that he had successfully rounded out a long and strenuous career.

MISPLACED CENSURE.

The Sherman anti-trust yaw was passed by congress long before Theodore Roosevelt was thought of in connection with the Presidency, and it was passed in obedience to a public demand that combinations of capital should be restrained from encroaching on the rights of the people.

The Valentine law was passed by the Ohio legislature also in response to popular opinion that some measure of restriction was necessary in order to preserve individual rights from the exactions of corporations.

There has been no demand for a repeal of either the United States or the Ohio statute, which would seem to show that the people have not changed their minds concerning these measures.

But in spite of the fact that President Roosevelt had nothing to do with the passage of either law, it is true that he is being held accountable for the prosecutions instituted under both laws. Activities of county prosecutors followed the campaign of the national administration for law enforcement. If President Roosevelt had not directed his attorney general to proceed against companies doing an inter-state business for violating the Sherman law, it is contended that local authorities would have been less aggressive.

But why should censure attach to the President? He was elected to enforce the laws. He should not be blamed for doing his sworn duty. As long as the people permit a law to stand, it should be obeyed. If it is an unjust law, if it works hardships on the innocent, the people will demand its repeal, and congress must heed the demand.

If icemen, lumbermen and brick men who confessed to having violated the Valentine law have a grievance, it is gainst the pepole, not against the President.

OKLAHOMA'S CAMPAIGN.

This is an interesting summer for the people of Oklahoma and Indian Territory. On the 17th of September they will vote on the adoption of the constitution which will make a state of these territories. On the same day they will elect state officers and members of congress.

The probabilities are the people will adopt the proposed constitution. It is, perhaps, not a model document. Some of the men prominent in framing it worked in many crudities, if the dispatches are correct. The most radical clauses have been modified, and there is little doubt that the voters will ratify the action of the constitutional convention.

But that does not mean the constitution will stand and that a state government will be inaugurated. President Roosevelt will have the final word.

After the constitution is adopted it will go to the President for his approval. He will examine it carefully. In this work he will be advised by the attorney general If he thinks the document will give the people of the state the proper government, he will approve it. If he does not think so he will disapprove it, and another constitution will have to be framed.

There are demagogues in the proposed new state as elsewhere. They have left their impress upon the newly made constitution. However, the document will probably stand all the tests, and the new state will shortly begin its career as a member of the Union.

"What is a liar?" asks an eastern newspaper. Which seems much more reasonable than the question, Who's a liar?

While the wheat crop isn't up to last year's high standard, it isn't small enough to give the Democrats any hope.

"An English military man says there will be no more wars after soldiers quit wearing uniforms." Also fewer soldiers will get married.

After August 1 messages can be written on one-third of the address side of a postal card. This will enable country postmasters to read without going to the bother of turning the cards over.

The Indiana school teacher who committed to memory all of Mr. Bryan's 1896 campaign speeches, has been sent to an insane asylum. His was one of the worst cases. Thousands of others readily recovered.

"Let sweethearts hold each other's hands as a token of their pure affections," says the Rev. D. L. Bass, of Cairo, Ill., "and when they part the man may perhaps bring his sweetheart's tender hand to his lips for fleeting, gentle, respectful pressure." Every man to his own taste.

A jingo, whether in Japan or America, is a man who does his fighting before war is declared.

It might help some if the Illinois preacher who has started an anti-kissing crusade would report progress from time to time.

Mr. Rockefeller's daughter says her father "lives in the clouds." That wasn't where the subpoena servers found him, however.

How times have changed. A Kansas man recently sold his whiskers for $8. A few years ago they would have brought him a political office with a good salary attached thereto.

Since Richard Croker has declined a seat in parliament, he must have his eye on something with more money in it.

THEORY OF MATES AND MONTHS

Birthdays Make or Mar Marriage, Declares an Eminent Astrologer.

Here is a set of simple rules to be observed by young people contemplating matrimony. The advice they contain is as easily remembered as that given by "Mr. Punch," and is much more easily followed. A person born in

January cannot agree with one born in July.

February cannot agree with one born in August.

March cannot agree with one born in September.

April cannot agree with one born in October.

May cannot agree with one born in November.

June cannot agree with one born in December.

These are the conclusions to be drawn from the knowledge and experience of astrologers.

Apparently you might as well link cat and dog together as join in marriage two persons born in opposing months.

Better to avoid or break off an engagement than to link yourself in a partnership which can easily bring trouble to both parties. Such is the emphatic view resulting from a study of the influence of the planets on the characters of husbands and wives.

The following table should also interest those about to marry:

Those born in	Will agree with those born in
January	March and May.
February	April and June.
March	May and July.
April	June and August.
May	July and September.
June	August and October.
July	September and November.
August	October and December.
September	November and January.
October	December and February.
November	January and March.
December	February and April.

A husband born on October 28, 1877, and a wife born on March 16, 1884, would be directly and violently opposed. On the other hand, to take dates at random, a wife who was born on February 16, 1882, and a husband born on June 19, 1884, should be ideally happy.

"Only by a knowledge of astronomy are unhappy marriages avoided. If the science were better known the world would be in perfect harmony and peace."

Such is the opinion of Mr. J. Mauker, an experienced astrologer, who gave the Daily Mirror some interesting information on the subject.

The exact day of one's birth is not a matter of the first importance, though astrology has decided that two people born on a Tuesday and Wednesday respectively cannot thoroughly agree.

If the wife was born on the Saturday her husband should have been born on a Wednesday. Discordant days are Tuesday-Saturday, Tuesday-Tuesday and Saturday-Saturday.

Here is a table that shows the various dispositions allotted to people born under the different signs of the Zodiac:

Aries (March 21 to April 19)—Strongly sympathetic, pleasure-loving; inclined to extravagance.

Taurus (April 19 to May 20)—Obstinate, strong-willed, somewhat jealous; would make indifferent husband or wife.

Gemini (May 20 to June 21)—Never satisfied, restless, anxious; inclined to avarice.

Cancer (June 21 to July 22)—Strong domestic instincts, love of home and family; an ideal husband or wife.

Leo (July 22 to August 22)—Intellectual, thoughtful, a dreamer; generally poor in health.

Virgo (August 22 to September 23)—High artistic sense, musical, an idealist; well-balanced mind.

Libra (September 23 to October 23)—Lover of excitement and travel, industrious, energetic; poor health.

Scorpio October 23 to November 22)—Desire to rule; passionate, violent, even as far as murder.

Sagittarius (November 22 to December 24)—Chastity in women, strength in men; patient.

Capricon (December 21 to January 20)—Philosophic, love of dress; spendthrift.

Aquarius (January 20 to February 19)—Faithful, religious, devotional; quiet and loving.

Pisces (February 19 to March 21)—Severe, gloomy; lack of self-reliance.

According to the ruling planet for a year so is it a good one to be born in. Jupiter, for instance, ruled in 1875, which was a good year; 1876, with Mars predominant, was bad; 1877 and 1878, with the sun and moon respectively, were good; Mercury made 1879 neutral; Venus, 1880, good, and Saturn, 1881, bad.—London Mirror.

FOXY CHINAMAN PLAYED TRICK

Got Good and Even With the Prospectors Who Made Him Hunt for Gold.

"I was readin' somewhere th' other day," said the weary pilgrim, "about a man thet located a gold mine in a graveyard. I hed knowed of lots of fellers locatin' graveyards in gold mines, lots of 'em, but this was other way about.

"The average man will start out huntin' gold an' he don't know no more about mineralogy then a billy goat knows about roller skates; an' he'll mess around in cold water an' sleep on a bed of pain an' sage brush; an' he'll eat hard tack an' corned mule; an' he'll work like a Kansas farmer; an' if he washes up on an average 28 cents' worth of gold a week he wouldn't trade his chances of wealth with the fattest-salaried guy in Chicago.

"All Chinamen are like thet. But Chinamen are lucky. They find th' dust. Why, a chink will wash a bunch of gold outen a pile of pine sawdust, sew it in the tail of his empire gown an' be half-way to China with th' bones of his Uncle Mike rolled up in a customer's shirt before a white man has got through locatin' gold-bearing quartz with th' help of a willer wand an' a bottle of whisky. Huh! Me! Look not upon th' mine when it is red clay!

"When me an' Bill Pooley was in the Black Hills we met up with a chink thet had just finished washin' two ounces of gold dust out of 2,500 tons of dirt thet hed been through th' Homestake gins. We figured thet a practical miner like him was too good to lose. So we took him to th' hills with us to hunt gold.

"I disremember now whether he wanted to come or not. Anyhow, we didn't ask him. We roped him to a burro's tail and fondly promised him a killin' if he hollered. He didn't say nothin' back—jes' come patterin' along, an' when we let him loose he lit into the pantry an' begun cookin' dinner with a headlong gallop that would hev' made the banishment of Mazeppa look like a dump cart waltzin' for a funeral to pass. We was right pleased with him.

"Me an' Bill located in the most onlikely place we could find, an' began puttin' down a shaft. We worked th' win'less an' th' celestial did th' pick an' shovel work. An' we didn't let him out only to cook th' meals.

"Well, sir, I s'pose we 'ud been diggin' yet if somethin' hadn't stopped us. An' thet somethin' was th' chink. He was workin' away like sixty one day an' was down about fifteen feet when all of a sudden he let out an awful yell.

"'Gold!' sez he, 'Alle samee heap muchee!'

"Well, me an' Bill was about crazy. We was afraid to let th' chink stay down in th' hole fer fear he'd steal th' mine, an' we dasent go down while he was there 'cos' they wasn't no one to pull us up. So we pulled John up and we both got in the bucket an' told th' Chinaman to lower away.

"We forget that one little nubbin like him couldn't handle two big men like us, but we recalled this fact to mind right away. The bucket went down like whisky down an Injun an' we hit th' bottom all in a heap. But th' por chink! Thet win'less twisted him up and spun him out like a yarn off grandmother's spindle. An' when he let go, he got slung clean across th' canyon, an' then turned handsprings an' summersets for about a mile. I wish it had killed him.

"Why? Why, do you know wot that abandoned, lost in darkness heathen done? He come back an' cut th' rope an' left us in that hole! Yes, sir! An' then he went away with everything we had except a few tracks we had made about th' place! An' it took us three days to cut steps an' get out, an' two more days before we got to a feedin' place.

"Gold! Course they wasn't An' how you goin' to get even on a thing like thet?

"Me and Bill all but murdered four Chinamen thet we thought was John, but the nex' minute we see four more as like him as peas.

"But it cured me o' th' prospectin' habit."

MONARCHS' SECRETS.

Precautions That Are Taken to Guard Their Private Affairs.

There is a sense in which monarchs have no secrets. In the very nature of things they are compelled by the necessities of their position to take some one into their confidence with respect to almost every detail of their daily life, says a writer in Cassell's Saturday Journal. But for the most part these confidences are jealously guarded, and in a hundred and one ways the public curiosity has to satisfy itself with more or less plausible "guesses at truth."

To take an example. The last will and testament of Queen Victoria has never been disclosed, as the law of probate does not apply to the sovereign of the realm. For several years before her demise the society gossips used to profess an intimate knowledge of its contents; they knew how many folios it occupied, the exact number of codicils, the color of the binding, and other irrelevant facts. But all their predictions have been falsified by events, and although it is sometimes declared that many persons about the court are familiar with its chief provisions, there are probably not half a dozen people, besides her late majesty's own children, who have any real knowledge about it, and they will never tell. Even to this day the public is entirely in the dark as to the provisions of the will of the prince consort, and it is purely a guess that the chief legatee was his august widow.

Take the case of King Edward's private investments. These are known to but three courtiers, and only one schedule of them, it may be said with confidence, is in existence. People profess to know of large purchases of West End ground rents, of huge commitments in American railways, and so forth. For the most part, however, these securities are held in the names of trusty intimates who are themselves large investors, and no estimate of his majesty's personal estate has any value whatever. Many European sovereigns, especially in the more restless portions of the continent, are said with much reason to keep the bulk of their private fortunes in the strong rooms of the Rothschilds and other financial houses in London and elsewhere, where their secrets are inviolable.

One veteran monarch, to the writer's knowledge, conducted his private business with his London agents through the medium of a young Englishman, whose duties were quite unsuspected even by his own relatives. Whenever he came across the Channel he used to put up with a linen-draper whose acquaintance he formed in his boyhood, and by this means his movements were kept secret. If anyone had inquired his business, he would have procured a case of commercial samples, and offered to open an account.

King Edward carries at one end of his gold albert a gold key which opens his private writing desk, and there is no duplicate. All state papers, however, are kept in despatch boxes until transferred to the safes in the secretariat, and of these the keys are kept by Lord Knollys. When his majesty has quitted his personal apartment, no servant is allowed to enter until an assistant secretary has destroyed the contents of the waste paper basket, the blotting pads, and even the printed wrappers of newspapers received from every capital in Europe. It is an unwritten law that the private secretary shall not indulge in a gossipy diary after the manner of Samuel Pepys—he must, of necessity, keep a daily record of bare facts—and certain courtiers, including the maids of honor, are required as a condition of their service to enter into an obligation of the same kind.

All royal telegrams pass through St. Martin's-le-Grand, and are manipulated by a special operator, who is reserved for this duty. Unlike public messages, no duplicates are kept, and the original messages, in certain instances, are promptly returned to the palace after a note has been made of the number of words for the purpose of the account. The cipher codes which are used between the foreign office and the embassies abroad are not employed for the personal messages of the king nor is any system of cryptic writing usual between monarch and monarch.

The German emperor encloses all his private letters in waterproof envelopes of a special make. He is believed to make freer use of secret devices in corresponding with his ministers and others than any other European monarch, and there is no doubt that his private safes contain a mass of secret intelligence, strategic memoranda made by his own hand, and other matter, which in this country are left to the departments responsible for such things. It is understood that he keeps no private diary, but the Empress Augusta has been accustomed ever since her marriage to commit her thoughts on current affairs to writing, and each January the diary for the previous year is locked and preserved in her jewel safe.

The Czar of Russia has a heavy burden to bear, by reason of the suspicion with which he is compelled to regard even his most intimate courtiers. He is known to keep a private record to which no one besides the empress has access, and there is no doubt that many things which, in happier surroundings, would be freely discussed with his courtiers, are shared by the empress alone. His absolute control of the treasury enables him to conduct his personal finances in the greatest secrecy.

But the burden of secrecy rests most heavily upon the shoulders of Abdul Hamid, for in his case there is no one about him, even his own relatives, in whom he can repose implicit trust. His gravest anxiety does not concern his estate, but his person, and for this reason he is under the necessity of concealing, even from his body servant, the apartment in which he intends to pass the night, or the hour at which he will stroll in his palace grounds. There is reason to believe that the secrets which he feels to be best safeguarded are those he has imparted to one or two men of western birth who have rendered to him loyal service, and prize honor above all.

Bees Invade Groceries.

The supply of honey is so scarce in the fields of Warwick county that the bees have invaded the grocery stores, and screen doors have been put up in order to keep them from covering the sweet articles in the stores. Bees are seen by the hundred trying to get entrance to the stores. The managers of the stores let the fires go out in the evenings before they close for the night and the cooler air makes them numb.

They are gathered up in pans in the morning and put outside, where they revive in the sunshine. Bee growers say it was never known in this part of the state when the supply of honey and pollen was so short. Blossoms have been killed by freezing weather. There are only a few wild flowers.—Boonville Correspondence Indianapolis News.

CURRENT EVENTS

Fish live in the ocean at a depth of 18,000 feet.

Theatrical combine of $100,000,000 total formed.

Pittsburg woman gave whooping cough lawn fete to fellow sufferers.

Paris newspaper said Americans lacked throbbing patriotism of Japs.

Swarm of mosquitoes stalled train two hours near Badgley, Ia.

Party of Russian Jews on way to America waylaid and twenty-five were killed.

Speaker Cannon's age considered a presidential nomination by Republicans.

Elks parade in Philadelphia in day of year; 4,450 persons were suns

Reports of poor crop outlook in tobacco are largely responsible for advance in wheat.

No tariff revision till 1909, said Hopkins, after conference with veit.

Two agents of Southern railway thirty days in chain gang for violating new rate law.

Desert guide arrived in New claiming he is to marry young heir De Kalb, Ill.

Coffee plantations in bloom are white and exhale a delicious odor; the blossoms die in a day.

Jewish societies of the United asked to take part in the formation an international Jewish congress.

A Louisiana woman supports by raising mint, and a Jersey City an makes a living by painting

Brothers in jewelry business in waukee disappear with $50,000 bought of Chicago firms on ten credit.

Colorado will be thirty years old August 1, and, beginning this the date is to be marked by an celebration.

Telegraphers' strike is settled, the erators at San Francisco and Oak Cal., voting almost unanimously to turn to work.

Greece is said to be the poorest of Europe. Her total wealth amounts $1,000,000,000, or about half that of Sterland.

Sensation is added to the Mastin son mystery at Clinton Ill., by the ing of an unconscious girl near the of the dead wife.

A Japanese porter carries his with him when he goes to his day's as an American workman carries ner pail.

Judge Wood rules out much of evidence for the defense in the wood trial at Boise before final ments to the jury are begun.

Mrs. Eddy, founder of Christian ence, is worth about $900,000 and yearly income from the sale of books is not far from $100,000.

Rock Island engineer went mad on engine; train ran sixty at furious speed before trainmen overpower him.

Lieutenant Colonel Ayres, whose got into difficulties with the official West Point, makes a fight to keep being put on the retired list.

Lost in the Australian bush, Port Darwin, for five days, Engineer Commander E. S. Silk was found and well by a black tracker.

Kaiser Wilhelm is having an sun dial set up in the Imperial of Charlottenhof bearing the tion "I count only happy hours."

The use of dog flesh as food to have originated in Saxony, is in that part of the empire that consumption is most noticeable.

It is estimated that the total cost of England's present navy $670,000,000, and about $200,000,000 been spent in the last 10 years.

Annual reports of the Union Southern Pacific Railroad show phenomenal earnings, which largely in excess of the dividend quirements.

American capital to the extent $195,000,000 has been invested in ada during the past few years, thereto by the Canadian British ence policy.

William L. King, western of the Providence Washington president of the Fire Underwriters sociation of the Northwest, died tle Creek.

Thousands of retail merchants of west and commercial associations smaller cities began organizing to competition of catalogue houses.

Federation of Catholic Societies Indianapolis denounces basic principles of socialism, reaffirms stand against divorce and selects Boston for next vention.

William E. Curtis interviews Mary G. Baker Eddy, aged leader Christian Science faith, and finds mentally and physically vigorous, out sign of "senile debility."

District Attorney Jerome of York, who is suing W. R. Hearst $250,000 for libel, refused in court reveal the names of the contributors to his campaign fund in 1905.

Money is so plentiful in Chicago one man, arrested in Milwaukee, he "picked up" $1,350 on the streets that city; another man strolls through the levee with $2,895 and is not molested.

In Texas a woman has the contract to carry the mail from Kiffe to Sisterdale Hill, and Georgia has a woman mail carrier who travels a 40-mile route weekly, besides managing a large farm.

At sea level water boils at 212 degrees, F.; at a height of 10,000 feet, 193 degrees, F. When Darwin crossed the Andes, in 1895, he boiled potatoes for three hours without making them soft.

John Schaeffer, of North Benton, has just celebrated his 101st birthday. He is the oldest clergyman in Ohio, and, possibly, in the United States. He preached regularly for 60 years.

Nahum P. Humphrey, 97 years old, Springfield, Mass., claims to be the oldest man now living who shook hands with Gen. Lafayette when that worthy attended the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument.

On the state railways in Germany all carriages are painted according to the colors of the tickets of their respective classes. First-class carriages are painted yellow, second-class green and third-class white.

"Craps," or throwing dice, is said to have been originally a religious act. In the turn of the dice was supposed by the primitive peoples to be the answer of the gods to their prayers. There was no element of chance involved.

For the last three months the troops on the island of Jamaica, surrounded by a warm sea, where the evaporization is great, have suffered from a drouth as severe as those which visit the inland deserts, far removed from any large body of water.

The Bible which King Edward has presented to Bruton church, at Williamsburg, Va., on the occasion of its coming celebration on October 10 next, was sent recently to Ambassador Bryce, at Washington, who will forward it to the church officials.

One of the pleasantest vocations for those living away from the strenuous life and back to the soil, declares Forrest Crissey in the Saturday Evening Post, is that of bee-keeping, and it is especially attractive from the fact that it is as open to women as to men.

Prof. E. Clayton Wyland, of the school for the deaf, in

The Blade Churn

Something new in covers. A drop steel forged cover—will not split, warp or break. You could drive over it with a horse and wagon and not break it. No wood to split, twist or warp. No cast iron to crack, spring or break. In fact it is indestructible. Every cover fits perfectly. No leak. There is no other churn like it on the market. We will ship these churns by freight to our subscribers on receipt of prices named below. (We do not pay freight.)

Six-gallon churn by freight, and copy of Weekly Blade one year $3.25

Ten-gallon churn by freight and copy of Weekly Blade one year $4.00

Regular retail price of six-gallon churn is $5.00, and it weighs 31 lbs. Regular retail price of ten-gallon churn is $6.00 and it weighs 36 lbs.

Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order or registered letter. We will not be responsible for remittances made in any other way. Address all orders to

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Cut Paper Patterns

PARIS PATTERNS

The cut paper patterns now offered to our readers are furnished by the Paris Modes Co., of New York, and are the best, latest and most perfect patterns offered by any newspaper using cut paper patterns.

These patterns provide for the allowance of all seams; are easy, simple and practical to use, and perfect in fit. If the correct size is selected, a garment may be cut and made to fit perfectly without any alteration.

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

Ladies' Box-plaited Dressing-sack With Three-quarter Length Sleeves—Paris Pattern No. 1995—All Seams Allowed.

The dressing-sack that hangs with straight lines of fullness has much to commend it, and quite the most attractive model shown this season has three box-plaits, as illustrated, in the front and back. As to materials, thin French or

Scotch flannel is always useful for this purpose, but albatross or challis is of lighter weight and therefore more suitable for summer.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the sack needs 5 yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 2⅝ yards 36 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 42 inches wide; 2½ yards of edging to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Girls' Low-necked Dress With Cap Sleeves—Paris Pattern No. 1428—All Seams Allowed.

For wear with or without a guimpe this is a charming little frock. It is here illustrated made of fine Persian lawn with embroidered edging for the bretelles and sleeves and insertion for trimming.

These little frocks are made up in the daintiest fabrics.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—6 to 12 years. For a girl of 10 years the dress requires 4⅛ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or 3⅛ yards of inches wide, or 3 yards 42 inches wide, each with 1¼ yards of edging 10 inches wide for cap sleeves, and ¼ yards of edging 9 inches wide for bretelles and 5 yards of insertion to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Girls' Low-necked Dress With Tucked Body and Plaited Skirt, With or Without Body Lining—Paris Pattern No. 1375—All Seams Allowed.

This little dress is one of the prettiest of the summer modes for piques and

linens, and may be worn with or without a guimpe. For dressy wear, it could be made up in China or other soft silk, and also in organdy, dimity, lawn and batiste.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—6 to 12 years. For a girl of 10 years the dress needs 6¼ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or 3¼ yards 36 inches wide, 3 yards 42 inches wide, each with ⅝ yard of contrasting material 20 inches wide for trimming.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist With Low Neck and Three-quarter Length Sleeves—Paris Pattern No. 1971—All Seams Allowed.

The broad-shouldered Gibson effect which has been so successfully revived in shirtwaists this season is illustrated in

this example of the newest development in the outing style. It is an excellent model for all tub materials, especially linen.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the waist needs 4¼ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 3¾ yards 27 inches wide, or 2⅝ yards 36 inches wide, or 2; yards 42 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Shirtwaist With or Without Bretelles—Paris Pattern No. 1985—All Seams Allowed.

Embracing all of the stylish characteristics, this new shirtwaist in chestnut brown burlingham stands forth as pre-

eminent among the models of the month. It has the Gibson plait over the shoulder, under which the bretelles are sprung.

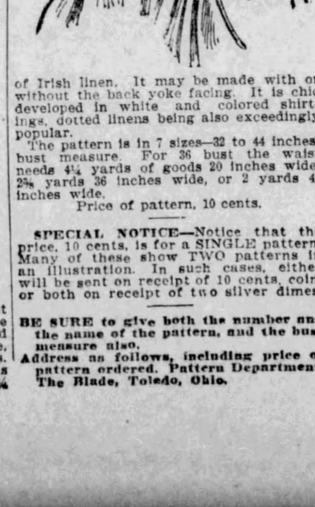
It is an excellent model for the combination of a shirtwaist suit.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the waist requires 5 yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 3⅝ yards 27 inches wide, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 42 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Shirtwaist With or Without Back Yoke-facing—Paris Pattern No. 1104—All Seams Allowed.

One of the smartest and most becoming of shirtwaists is here portrayed made



of Irish linen. It may be made with or without the back yoke facing. It is chic developed in white and colored shirtings, dotted linens being also exceedingly popular.

The pattern is in 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the waist needs 4¼ yards of goods 20 inches wide, 2⅝ yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 42 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered. Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

"SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE ARMY"

Men Will Not Re-Enlist—Wages Too Low—Toledo Recruiting Officer Explains.

Washington, July 18.—"There is something wrong with the army," said Gen. Bell, chief of staff, in a western speech recently, and that statement is being echoed in various bureaus of the war department. There are different explanations advanced for that disquieting criticism, but the weight of opinion at the war department is that Secretary Taft summed up the case when he remarked that the trouble with the army was that there was not enough of it.

The general staff has been compiling some tables that bear out this statement and these will be made the basis for a strong presentation of the needs of the army to congress at the next session.

For instance, there is a company of coast artillery, by regulations required to number 105 men which, according to the last return to the department, musters just eight enlisted private in its ranks. Of course company drill with such a skeleton organization is impossible. And this is only one of a number of such organizations, mainly in the coast artillery it is true, but every branch of the service feels the same drain.

According to the statement, the men will not re-enlist at the expiration of their first terms of service. Wages outside the army are so much higher that they attract the most energetic soldiers into private life. Never before have the recruiting officers found their work so hard and unprofitable. The demands upon likely young adventurous men for the rapidly growing navy has also developed a new competitor for the recruiting sergeants.

A special reason for the refusal of the coast army men to re-enlist is that they are obliged to do a large amount of mechanical work in caring for the complicated fortifications, dressed only in working overalls or jumpers and getting few opportunities to wear their soldiers' uniform, which is one source of pride with them and a factor in attracting them into the army. As to the other branches of the service, it is believed that the men are being called upon to do too much hard work which they regard as unnecessary. Particularly do they object to the long, hard and periodical practice marches which they are obliged to make carrying the full heavy field kit. Many desertions are traceable to this dissatisfaction.

The staff is trying to find corrective measures, but some measures will require legislation to make them effective. The "hikes" are made by direct order of the President, so the same authority can dispense with them or reduce the requirements. But it is certain that congress must provide for a general and large increase of the pay to the soldier, if the regular army is to be maintained at its authorized strength. Officers may be had, even though General Funston has reported that a captain's pay is less than the wage of a plumber or house mechanic in California; but the war department contends that the private soldier can no longer be kept in the ranks for $13 a month while wages in civil life remain at their present standard.

Commenting on the statement of General Bell, chief of the staff of the United States army, Captain William R. Harrison, army recruiting officer for Toledo and northwestern Ohio, corroborated in its entirety the sentiment that the present conditions in the army service are at fault with the twentieth century requirements.

"That army service is profitable you must convince the recruit of the intelligent standard the United States army needs," declared Captain Harrison. "Due chiefly to the outside labor conditions, there being such an uncommon demand for skilled and unskilled workmen in all the branches, the young man who has a comfortable home on his father's farm or a good position in a mechanical or clerical line does not let his desire for a soldier's career overshadow the question of finances.

"For that reason recruiting offices in all sections of the country are experiencing the greatest difficulty in showing the young man that it is an object to him to get into the army service. I strongly believe that the pay in the ranks, and officers also, should be increased. No advance has been made since 1872, while the scale of wages in private life has increased steadily."

Captain Harrison is advised that there are 17,000 vacancies in the ranks of the army while the maximum strength is only about 57,000 men.

"I believe, as Secretary Taft says in this dispatch, that one of the faults with the army is that there is not enough of it. I will further say that to make a larger army the department will have to put the service on a business basis. Patriotism does not recruit many men in time of peace.

"A recent order affecting coast artillery service has done away with much of the manual labor of enlisted men in the fortifications," concluded Captain Harrison.

ALL IMMIGRATION RECORDS BROKEN

Over Million and a Quarter Foreigners Land Here in Fiscal Year of 1907.

Washington, July 17.—All immigration records in the history of the country were broken by the aggregate returns for the fiscal year of 1907, which ended on June 30 last. The total number of alien immigrants landed in America during the year was 1,285,349, as against 1,100,735 landed during the fiscal year of 1906. The increase during the past year was about six per cent over the greatest number of immigrants that ever arrived in America heretofore in a single year.

The figures for the entire year have not been completed in detail, but it is known that the great majority of the immigrants reached this country during the last six months, the exact number for that period being 743,952, an increase of 10 per cent over the six months ended June 30, 1906. A total of 5,962 arriving immigrants were debarred from admission to the country during the last six months. Of the total arrivals during the last six months, 132,185 came from Russia.

CRUISERS WILL RETURN

Part of Pacific Fleet Coming Back to U. S.

Washington, July 20.—The armored cruisers West Virginia, Colorado, Pennsylvania and Maryland, of Admiral Dayton's Pacific fleet, are expected to start from Cavite for the United States in ten days or two weeks. They may stop en route at Japanese ports.

The movement is made in accordance with orders issued a month ago, and is simply to put into effect the plan of the department to form the Pacific fleet on lines similar to that of the Atlantic fleet, that is made up of various divisions. The four ships named are to form one of the cruisers' divisions of the Pacific fleet.

The four ships are now in the vicinity of Che Foo, China, where they have been engaged in target practice.

Their withdrawal will leave but few American naval vessels of any great consequence in that section of the world and in effect means the practical transfer of the headquarters of the Pacific fleet to American waters, if Admiral Dayton returns to San Francisco on his flagship, the West Virginia. The department is anxious that these ships have a long cruise and that they may engage in some of the maneuvers with the ships now on the Pacific coast. The present expectation is that they will be ordered to Magdalena Bay to participate in the autumn target practice of the vessels attached to Admiral Swinburne's second squadron of the Pacific fleet.

INVENTS NEW ENGINE.

Spaniard's Idea May Revolutionize Engine Building.

Washington, July 20.—Pedro Puigjaner, an engineer of Barcelona, Spain, has invented and submitted to practical trials a rotative steam engine which, it is asserted, will cause a revolution in all countries where steam power is used, according to a report received from Consul Ridgely, at Barcelona.

This engine may be applied to all purposes for which steam power is required, whether on land or on sea, it is claimed, and consumes but one-fifth the coal per horse power that ordinary engines consume. It is stated that a ship burning 500 tons of coal a day with the ordinary marine engine would burn only 100 tons with the new invention. Besides, it occupies only one-fifth the space occupied by an ordinary marine engine.

The ordinary 100 horse-power engine weighs 15 tons; this one but three tons. Being much smaller, the cost of manufacturing it is much less.

MAKE GUNS AT BENICIA

General Crozier Plans Work on Moderate Scale.

Washington, July 20.—General Crozier, chief of ordnance, has returned from the Pacific coast, where he examined the Benicia arsenal in California, for the improvement of which congress has made an appropriation. General Crozier found the affairs of the arsenal in good shape and confirmed the plans for its improvement. Owing to the high price of material and labor on the Pacific coast, it has heretofore not been found advisable to undertake the manufacture of small arms or big guns on the coast, but now, to maintain the force of trained mechanics and keep open the line of supply of ordnance material necessary to make the Benicia arsenal of greatest value to the war department, General Crozier has planned to have constructive work undertaken there to a moderate extent.

Crops Pay Preachers.

Wilmington, Del., July 22.—Good crops throughout the Delaware and Maryland peninsula is having the effect of raising the salaries of preachers generally. Several clergymen have already had their pay increased and it is stated that the movement will became general. The farmer parishioners have received high prices for fruit yields and have prospects for getting $1 a bushel for wheat.

SKIN CURED IN A WEEK

Disfiguring Red Spots and Pimples Made Life Miserable for Six Months—Skin Now Like Velvet—Owes Cure to Cuticura.

"Cuticura Soap and Ointment are the greatest remedies for skin diseases on earth. I have suffered six months from a disease which I cannot describe, but I will tell you the symptoms. My skin was full of red spots and my face was full or red pimples. It made life miserable for me and I was discouraged with everything. I went to several doctors, but it was useless. Then I resolved to try Cuticura Remedies, and after using them for about one week I became a new man. The pimples and the red spots have disappeared, and they made my skin as soft as velvet. Now I am a constant user of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I recommend them highly. Albert Cashman, Bedford Station, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1905."

SCORES DIE IN WRECK

Awful Disaster on Pere Marquette at Salem, Mich.

Salem, Mich., July 20.—From 30 to 40 people were killed and about 100 people injured this morning when a Pere Marquette excursion train of eleven coaches from Ionia, carrying the members of the company's shops there on their annual excursion to Detroit, collided with a westbound freight train two miles east of this village, at Washburn crossing.

At 12 o'clock 22 bodies had been taken from the wreck and there were many more known to be still in the ruins. Orders were sent to Plymouth, four miles away, at which is a division point of the railway, to make arrangements to care for thirty injured.

General Superintendent Trump, of the Pere Marquette railway, said that the responsibility for the wreck rests with some employe who failed to obey orders.

There were 800 people crowded into the eleven coaches, many of them women and children, all bound for a holiday in Detroit. They left their homes in Ionia at 6 o'clock this morning.

The wreck occurred on a perfectly straight, level piece of track. The heavy freight and passenger trains came together with enormous force, and six of the eleven passenger cars were entirely wrecked.

When the uninjured persons recovered from the shock and crawled from the wreckage, they at once began extricating the dead and injured. Messengers were rushed to this village and to Plymouth and all the doctors from this place and neighboring villages were hurried to the scene. Farmers who heard the crash came to the rescue also.

Mrs. Minnie Densmore, of Ionia, a passenger on the wrecked train, describing the horror, said: "My husband and myself were in the sixth coach, right behind the first five in which the greatest loss of life occurred. There was a terrible crash, and the train came to a sudden stop, throwing us out of our seats. Instantly our car was filled with terror-stricken people trying to fight their way out. No one knew just what had happened, but every occupant of the car seemed to feel instinctively that there had been a tragedy, and seemed to be filled with fear. Their clothes were torn, and they inflicted severe bruises on one another in their mad efforts to get to the ground. That was before they realized that our car was not damaged and that they were not in danger themselves. When we got out of the coach we found the engine and the first five cars piled up beside the tracks, while shrieks of pain and cries for mercy filled the air."

After arriving here with the wrecking train from Detroit and looking over the situation, Gen. Supt. Trump says the blame for the wreck rests with the crew of the freight, which was a west-bound local. They had orders, Mr. Trump says, to wait at Plymouth for the excursion train, which had the right of way. Instead, they proceeded on towards Salem, and the collision resulted.

Although there were probably 150 children among the excursionists, it is a strange fact that few of them were severely hurt. Nearly all of the dead and the injured are men. Passengers on the wrecked train say the train was running about forty miles an hour.

FLARE-BACK RESPONSIBLE

For Fatal Explosion of the Battleship Georgia.

Washington, July 18.—The naval court of inquiry in the case of the explosion on the Georgia will find that the accident resulted from a "flare back," meaning that when the breech of the 8-inch gun was thrown open after it had been discharged, some shreds of burning cloth or unconsumed gas was driven into the turret and upon the powder about to be inserted for the next charge.

M'PARLAND IN COURT

Detective in Haywood Case Appears for First Time.

Boise, July 19.—For the first time since the Haywood trial began, James McParland, the detective whose name has been so often mentioned in connection with the securing of evidence against the Western Federation of Miners, was in the court room today. He had come to listen to the arguments in the case and attracted considerable attention.

Judge Wood announced at 10 o'clock that he would not be ready to rule on the matter of excluding certain evidence from the consideration of the jury and the arguments of counsel until 2 p. m. He instructed James H. Hawley, leading counsel for the state, to be ready to proceed at that time. Mr. Hawley is not expected to conclude until tomorrow afternoon.

The opening address for the defense will be made by Attorney E. F. Richardson on Monday morning.

To preserve the record, Mr. Richardson again today moved that the jury be instructed to return a verdict of not guilty on the ground that the defendant (Haywood) has not been connected by the evidence with the crime alleged. The motion was formally made and formally denied.

STEAMER RECORD BROKEN

Montreal, July 19.—The royal mail steamer Empress of Britain, of the Canadian Pacific railway's Atlantic steamship line, landed her English mails at Rimouski at noon yesterday, completing the fastest passage on the Canadian route between Liverpool and Rimouski. The vessel left Liverpool at 5 p. m., July 12, and her time of passage for the voyage was just six days.

MEAT OR CEREALS

A Question of Interest to All Careful Persons.

Arguments on food are interesting. Many persons adopt a vegetarian diet on the ground that they do not like to feel that life has been taken to feed them, nor do they fancy the thought of eating dead meat.

On the other hand, too great consumption of partly cooked, starchy oats and wheat or white bread, pastry, etc., produces serious bowel troubles, because the bowel digestive organs (where starch is digested), are overtaxed and the food ferments, producing gas, and microbes generate in the decayed food, frequently bringing on peritonitis and appendicitis.

Starchy food is absolutely essential to the human body. Its best form is shown in the food "Grape-Nuts," where the starch is changed into a form of sugar during the process of its manufacture. In this way the required food is presented to the system in a pre-digested form and is immediately made into blood and tissue, without taxing the digestive organs.

A remarkable result in nourishment is obtained; the person using Grape-Nuts gains quickly in physical and mental strength. Why in mental? Because the food contains delicate particles of Phosphate of Potash obtained from the grains, and this unites with the albumen of all food and the combination is what nature uses to rebuild worn out cells in the brain. This is a scientific fact that can be easily proven by ten days' use of Grape-Nuts. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

IONIA BURIES ITS DEAD

Funerals of Victims of Pere Marquette Disaster.

Prompt Measures Taken for Relief of Stricken Families—Two Coroner's Inquests.

Ionia, Mich., July 22.—Ionia is mourning. The city is stricken with grief and sorrow for thirty-one dead and more than one hundred injured of the Pere Marquette disaster. It is a day of funerals in Ionia. Over the city hangs a pall of funeral gloom. Of the thirty-one dead, twenty-four are to be buried in Ionia and over eighteen of these bodies the final rituals are being heard today. Services began at 10 o'clock this morning and until late this evening the churches will be filled with mourners.

Governor Warner wired the following from Pontiac:

"All Michigan grieves over your city's great loss and extends deepest sympathy and offers any assistance that can be rendered by us."

Mayor William B. Thompson, of Detroit wired condolences, saying:

"Detroit extends its sympathy to your sorely afflicted city. This office is at your disposal in any matters that may tend to alleviate the sufferings of your injured in our hospitals or tend to calm the anxiety of the relatives and friends at home. Command me unhesitatingly."

In this town of only 5,000 inhabitants, the reverberations of the crashing shock of that collision near Salem Saturday, still are heard in every home in Ionia. Where there is not actual loss by death to grieve over, or moaning suffering to comfort, there is keenest sympathy with the sorrow of friends and neighbors and many hearts are aching because of the bereavement of others.

Many a mother's lashes are wet with sympathy for the sobbing woman across the way, even while she hugs close in her arms the child that escaped by some freak of fortune from the awful fate that befell so many of the passengers of the excursion train.

The catastrophe has been a terrific blow to Ionia. In proportion to the number of inhabitants, the wreck has been as great a calamity to Ionia as the earthquake was to San Francisco.

Mayor John F. Bible, who has been tireless in his work of succor, Saturday night appointed a committee. At 3 o'clock in the morning these men met again and were divided into ward committees, each committee taking upon itself to visit the homes of the dead and injured in the ward to which it was assigned, to report upon the condition of affairs and arrange for assistance if necessary.

Some of the cases which these men are succoring are pitiful in the extreme. Three members of the family of Charles Hass, the father and two sons, Herman and Paul, were killed. These were the bread winners of the family, and the sorrowing widow and six small children are nearly destitute.

Mrs. E. E. Pixley, wife of the conductor of the ill-fated passenger train, is in an unusually pitiful condition. She is ill and it is expected there will be an addition to the family within a few days. Her husband had all the money of the household with him, and as his body was ground to pieces, none of the money could be found. Mrs. Pixley literally had not a cent in the house when the relief committee called on her.

Other cases exist almost as pitiable as these. Fortunately, prompt and effective relief was at hand. One member of the relief committee was appinted to look after each case of need reported.

Claim Attorney Gilmer Kuiper, of the Pere Marquette, handed the mayor a check for $200, $50 each for the four particularly pressing cases. This, the claim agent announced, was merely a preliminary to the fuller relief which the railroad will offer the sufferers from the wreck.

Transportation for five bodies with relatives accompanying them to other towns for burial has been provided by the railroad.

Seven wreck victims are to be buried outside Ionia. The body of Willard Stager was sent to his home, 419 West Fourteenth street, Kansas City, Mo. He was employed in the car shops here. The body of Mrs. Abraham Eddy will be buried at Lake Odessa Tuesday. That of Dan Rogers was sent to Lowell, Mich. Allen Herbert will be buried at Marshall, Mich. H. C. Reynolds' remains will find a last resting place in Petersburg, Mich. Conductor T. E. Pixley's remains will be taken to Maysville, Mich., for interment. The body of Fireman Harley Knowles will be buried at Collins, Mich.

There are 61 injured people at their homes in Ionia, and 42 were taken to the hospitals in Detroit for treatment. Seven of the injured in the Detroit hospitals are not yet out of danger. They are Banner Huggins, concussion of the brain, cuts about the head; Mrs. Catherine Selbach, aged 58 years, fractured ribs and internal injures; John B. Anderson, fractured skull, fractured leg and internal injuries; Abraham Eddy, suffering from shock of wife's death; William Beals, leg and back injured; Mrs. Nellie Dalson, spine injured; Mrs. Catherine Smith, skull injured. All of them are residents of Ionia.

The only victim here seriously injured is Mrs. M. Durling, 56 years old, 418 East Lincoln avenue. She suffered a dislocated shoulder, fractured jaw bone, two broken ribs and a broken arm. She may die. Her husband and nephew were both killed in the wreck, and news of their death has been withheld from her.

The relief committee passed a resolution requesting that every business house and factory in the city that possibly could do so close its doors between 9 o'clock and 4 o'clock today and Tuesday, as a mark of mourning for the calamity that has befallen the city, and out of respect to the many dead whose bodies will be laid tenderly away on those two days. The resolution also requests that places of business and private residences drape their doors in black, and that all flags be kept at half-mast until after Tuesday.

Although Coroner Parker, of Detroit, has announced his intention of holding an investigation into the responsibility for the wreck, Prosecuting Attorney Sheldon and Coroner Clarke have decided that they too will hold an inquest. So far none of the deaths from the disaster have taken place in Ionia county, but Prosecutor Sheldon has decided, after looking up the law, that since the bodies were removed to Ionia without authority from the coroner of the county in which the wreck occurred, and without an inquest being held there, that it is incumbent on Ionia county also to investigate. The inquest will begin one week from today.

CAN COLLECT NO DAMAGES

But Harmon Says Road Will Care for "Our People."

Detroit, Mich., July 22.—"They are our people. We will take care of them."

This is the word that it is reported unofficially has come from Judson Harmon, at Cincinnati, receiver of the Pere Marquette railroad, in response to the cry that already has arisen as to the possibility of the injured and the relatives of the dead in the terrible accident of Saturday collecting damages from the company.

That there is scarcely a chance in the world that any damages could be collected from the Pere Marquette seems to be the general conclusion. With possibly half a dozen exceptions, every one of the excursionists were traveling free, the guests of the railroad on their annual day of merry-making.

Yesterday the box belonging to the conductor of the special train was recovered from the wreckage and was found to contain 552 tickets. Of these it is stated not more than six, possibly only four, were paid for, the remainder being employes' free passes.

Among the injured there has been no talk whatever of damage suits, but hundreds of the friends and relatives of the dead and injured have discussed the question and it seems to have been the accepted opinion that lawsuits would avail nothing, because on the back of the free pass was a stipulation that the holder was carried at his own risk.

The question was put to a Pere Marquette official yesterday. His reply was:

"The company hasn't considered that question. I don't think it will consider it. I understand that Mr. Harmon says that they are all our people and that they will be taken care of."

OFFICERS OF MACCABEES

Election of Supreme Tent at Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., July 18.—The supreme tent, Knights of the Maccabees of the World, elected its officers yesterday afternoon as follows:

Supreme commander, D. P. Markey, Port Huron, Mich.; supreme lieutenant-commander, M. F. Elkins, Lexington, Ky.; supreme record keeper, L. E. Sisler, Port Huron, Mich.; supreme chaplain, J. H. Buckbee, Elkland, Pa.; supreme sergeant, George W. Miller, Chicago; supreme master-at-arms, C. K. Haw, Kansas City, Kan.; supreme first master of the guard, C. C. Showalter, Parkersburg, W. Va.; supreme second master of the guard, George W. Sulman, Chatham, Ont.; supreme sentinel, S. C. C. Ward, Augusta, Me.; supreme picket, Robert A. Nelson, Minneapolis; supreme board of trustees, J. B. McDaniel, Buffalo; L. E. Sisler, Port Huron; S. W. Trusler, Camlachie, Ont.; W. W. E. Blaney, Pittsburg; R. B. Anderson, St. Louis; J. F. Downer, Chicago.

The committee on new business recommended to the convention the establishment of a home for indigent members and widows and orphans of Maccabees and the collection of 25 cents per capita tax in December of each year for its maintenance.

The committee also recommended the establishment of a junior Maccabee society, to which it is proposed to admit boys ranging in age from 14 to 18 years, and that the representation of the membership in the supreme tent be increased from 75 to 150. The delegates will act upon these recommendations today.

The proposition to consolidate the various Maccabee bodies came up in definite form when Supreme Counselor D. D. Aitken, of Flint, introduced a resolution favoring amalgamation. It was referred to a committee for consideration.

JOHN D. WANTS HIS FEE

After Money Earned as Witness in Trust Case.

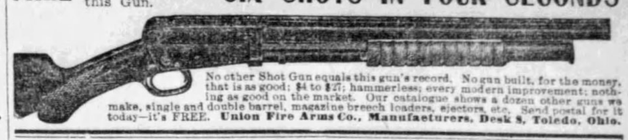
Chicago, July 20.—John D. Rockefeller, the world's richest man, is dunning Uncle Sam for the $92.20 he earned as a witness in the Standard Oil case before Judge K. M. Landis.

He wants the money, and a messenger from Rockefeller's attorneys called at the federal building yesterday to learn just what the oil king has to do to collect it. They did not explain if John D. is particularly impoverished at present, or what he wil do with the money when he gets it, but simply inquired as to the steps necessary to get the money.

The Rockefeller emissaries were told that the head of the Standard Oil Co. either will have to come to Chicago personally and be properly identified, or he will have to go before the district attorney in Cleveland and swear that he is the man to whom the money is due.

If such an affidavit is received, a special payroll will be sent to the billionaire for his signature, and then the government will mail him a voucher for the fees.

FREE Book tells of this Gun. **SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS**



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COLLEGE BELLE A NEGRO

Chicago University Circles Aghast at Revelation.

Identity Is Revealed Through Interview With "Mushmouth" Johnson.

Chicago, July 22.—Sorority circles and the social set at the University of Chicago are aghast at the revelation of the identity of one of the school's most prominent women students. Received into a secret society, made a belle at the proms and dances, the girl has been found to be a mulatto.

Miss Cecelia Johnson is the girl. She was a member up to a year ago of the society now known as the Phi Delta Phi, popular among fraternity men, a scholarship student, and attractive generally. She wore diamonds, paid her bills promptly and spent money lavishly. Then her chums began to suspect, but they searched in vain to ascertain the source of her money. Miss Johnson is now a graduate student at the university.

It developed yesterday that Miss Johnson is not a white girl. She is a sister of John "Mushmouth" Johnson, Chicago's negro gambling king and saloonkeeper. "Mushmouth," who has a saloon in the South State street levee, resides in an elaborately furnished house at 583 Wabash avenue. At the home it was admitted that Cecelia Johnson was his sister.

There is scarcely a trait in her countenance which would indicate negro blood. Her mother is said to have been at one time a nurse for Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, and to have been present when Robert T. Lincoln was born. Her father is said to be dead.

For five years Miss Johnson has been a student in the university, and during all this time she has been able to conceal her identity. She attended nearly all the social affairs at the university, a white student always accompanying her.

Her real identity became known to one of the sorority girls a short time ago by reading the newspaper. She read the story of "Mushmouth" Johnson's declaration that he was bankrupt and was going to Africa. In the article Johnson was quoted as saying the only piece of property he had left was a residence at 5830 Wabash avenue, in which he lived and which he would give to his mother.

The girl recognized the address and began an investigation which revealed Miss Johnson as the sister of "Mushmouth."

BOATS COLLIDE AT SEA

Passenger Steamer Is Struck by a Freighter.

About 80 Persons Are Saved, but Captain and Others Go Down.

San Francisco, July 22.—In a collision between the passenger steamer Columbia and the steam schooner San Pedro off the Mendocino coast, one hundred passengers lost their lives Saturday night. The Columbia was sunk and lies completely submerged in the deep waters of Shelter Cove.

Captain Doran, master of the Columbia, stayed with his vessel, and is among those lost.

The collision occurred at midnight, when all on board, save the lookout and officer on the bridge, were asleep in their berths. The Columbia was steaming north at an easy rate, having left here at noon Saturday.

Suddenly out of the fog loomed the dark hull of the steam schooner San Pedro, south bound, which was evidently out of her course. Whistles were blown and frantic efforts made by the helmsman of each vessel to avert the collision, but they were of no avail. The San Pedro struck the steamer in the port bow, tearing an immense hole in her side, through which the water rushed in great volume.

Alarms were sounded throughout the passenger ship, and the terrified passengers scrambled from their state rooms in an effort to escape from the doomed vessel. But the time was too short to aid the life savers. The vessel sank within five minutes. A life raft was launched with a number of the passengers on board, but only a few of the entire number aboard were saved. One hundred lives were lost.

The steamer Roanoke, carrying a number of the dead and some of the rescued passengers, reached here at 6:15 this morning, bringing the first news of the disaster. The dead were conveyed to the morgue.

Shelter Cove, where the collision occurred, is 179 miles up the coast. A life raft bearing a number of survivors is being towed to this port by the Daisy Michell. The San Pedro is being towed to Eureka by the steamer George W. Elder.

The Columbia was a steel vessel of 1,746 tons and was 390 feet in length, 38.5 feet beam and carried a crew of 74 men under Captain H. A. Doran, who had been master of the vessel for the past five years. The vessel was built at Chester, Pa., in 1880, and was owned by the San Francisco and Portland Steamship company. During the earthquake and fire the Columbia was lying at the dry dock of the Union Iron Works and the shock loosened some of her blocks with the result that the vessel was capsized. But she was entirely refitted.

The San Pedro was commanded by Captain Hansen and is a wooden vessel of 318 tons. She is 166 feet long, 31 feet beam and 12 feet deep. She was built in San Francisco in 1902 for the J. R. Haney & Sons Co., and was recently sold to the Eastern and Western Lumber company.

The steamer San Pedro had her stem gone and was damaged considerably forward. Her mainmast was gone and foremast sprung, her cargo was gone and she was in a waterlogged condition. The steamer Elder is towing her to Eureka, making slow progress. The steamer Roanoke picked up a body supposed to be Edward Butler and brought it to this city.

According to J. C. Flynn, a rescued passenger of the Columbia, every woman passenger on board was lost.

The body of Edward Butler, supposed to be from Portsmouth, O., has been brought here.

The Merchants' Exchange in this city has been besieged by anxious relatives and friends of the Columbia's passengers since early morning. A few women have called, but scores of men, some of them weeping openly, are passing in and out or standing about the corridors while waiting for news. One of the most distressing features of the accident is that up to this afternoon there is complete ignorance of the names of the drowned and the names of the survivors.

Miss Florence Thompson, of Johnstown, Ohio, and Miss Eva Brooker, of Franklin, Ky., are among those lost.

JEWS WANT UNCLE SAM

To Urge Action at the Peace Conference.

New York, July 22.—It was stated last night that a movement had been set on foot among the Jews of this state to petition President Roosevelt and Secretary Root to have the American representatives at The Hague withdrawn unless Russia and Roumania agree to certain specified regulations regarding their treatment of the Jews living within their borders.

According to Louis Friedman, who is one of the leaders in this movement, an appeal has been made to Cardinal Gibbons, in Baltimore, and it is hoped he will lend his influence to the movement. The Jews want the Russian government to promise that when it emerges from its present condition, "Jews, Catholics and Mahometans shall be equal citizens before the law."

WAS PRISONER BY MISTAKE

Girl Served 20 Years Instead of 20 Months.

Montgomery, Ala., July 17.—Because of a mistake of a court clerk who wrote "years" instead of months," Rhena Rivers, a girl of Houston county, almost served out 20 years for a 20 months' sentence at the Alabama mines. She died just before the term was up. The mistake was only recently discovered and a bill was yesterday introduced in the legislature to pay the mother of the girl for the overtime served.

OHIO'S LOSS OF BARNS

It Has More Than Doubled in Five Years.

Estimate for This Season Is a Quarter of a Million Loss by Storm Fires.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Columbus, O., July 22.—"In five years Ohio's fire loss on barns has increased from $513,905 a year to $1,037,005, or a little more than doubled," says State Fire Marshal D. S. Creamer in a bulletin just issued.

"The loss on barn buildings is 37 per cent greater, while the loss on their contents depends upon the increased value of farm products, and, especially upon the fact that since the farm hand has run away to town the farmer must have a machine for everything from mowing to milking.

"Sweating hay is by far the most important cause of this loss for it produces lightning. Why does hay become heated and sweat? The cells in hay continue to live and breathe for some time after it is cut, and they alone, in a close mow, heat the hay to a temperature of 132 Fahrenheit. Added to this is the heat from the microscopic spores of fungi which continue to grow on the blades of hay during its fermentation, the heat of the hay seeds and the heat of the sun upon the roof.

"These three causes acting together may heat hay that is well packed in a close mow so that there is no circulation of air to carry off the heat, to a temperature of 212 Fahrenheit—that at which water boils. Then the hay begins to char; the charcoal so formed absorbs oxygen and the mass grows still hotter. The heat reaches 265 Fahrenheit, then the mass blazes. Bran, grain and silo material may ignite spontaneously if placed under similar conditions. Many barn fires from this cause are reported 'cause unknown, the whole barn seemed ablaze at once.'

"The reports of lightning fires to date indicate that lightning will destroy $250,000 worth of barns this summer. Clippings from about one-third of the newspapers of the state show: Barns struck, 109, burned 74. Other buildings struck 147, burned 38."

WISCONSIN STORMBOUND

Wind and Rain Cause Much Damage.

Lacrosse, Wis., July 22.—Lacrosse is almost completely cut off from communication with the outside world as a result of an electrical storm. The Milwaukee, Burlington and Northwestern systems have not moved a train out of this city for twelve hours and will not be able to resume traffic for some time. This blocks traffic on the Milwaukee and Burlington roads between Chicago and St. Paul.

The worst washout occurred along the Mississippi river, north and south of here. Telegraph and telephone lines were carried away, much livestock was drowned, and great damage was done to crops on the Minnesota side of the river.

Killed by Lightning.

Racine, Wis., July 22.—One man killed, several injured, barns destroyed and other buildings damaged, horses and cattle killed, was the result of the rain, wind and electrical storm which visited Racine county yesterday and last night.

At the village of Waterford lightning struck the steeple of St. Mary's church while services were being

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.
You never can tell what your thoughts will do,
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe,—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

MONDAY.
Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.

TUESDAY.
If there is one person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

WEDNESDAY.
Let love rule your heart, and no evil can come within.

THURSDAY.
Put away all sarcasm from your speech. Never complain. Do not prophesy evil. Have a good word for everyone, or else keep silent.

FRIDAY.
The secret of the joy of living is the proper appreciation of what we actually possess.

SATURDAY.
Blessed are the happiness makers. Blessed are they who know how to shine on one's gloom with their cheer.

When Mother Sings

Said a friend to me the other day: "One of the sweetest and most vivid memories of my childhood is the voice of my mother, singing at her work. She wasn't much of a singer, in fact she used to laugh at her own attempts, but it was a happy, 'homey' sound that I have never forgotten. Probably I didn't think much about it then, but I knew I liked to hear it, and I must have liked it better than I knew, for I have never forgotten her way of singing, or the song she sang.

"The song was just an old-time ditty about some one named Aunt Rhody. All I ever heard of it was this:

'Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody,
Go tell Aunt Rhody, the old gray goose is dead.'

Mother used to sing it over and over. Probably she was unconscious of her singing, but it had a cheery, pleasant sound, and we children knew very well when this was going on that mother wasn't cross. When I look back now and think it over, I come to the conclusion that mother was never cross, because I can remember that song so distinctly. She was always busy, and the more she had to do, the oftener she insisted that someone should go and tell Aount Rhody the old gray goose was dead. The death of the goose never seemed to trouble mother, and I never thought of it as a tragedy.

"Some way," my friend went on, "I always associate with mother's singing, summer days and bright sunshine, wide open windows and hollyhocks blooming along the fence that surrounded our yard. It is a beautiful memory and one that I shall carry with me so long as I live."

I thought after she had told me this, of how strong and lasting an influence cheerfulness is. The one who told me of this memory has traveled far and wide, and has lived an eventful life, and yet, she remembers so clearly hearing her mother's voice singing that homely old song.

Most mothers sing lullabies to their children when they are putting them to sleep. There is a soothing spell about a mother's voice that quiets the little ones, and there is the same soothing spell in mother's voice when the children grow older and hear her singing softly at her tasks, bringing an atmosphere of peace and harmony into the home, which, more than anyone else, a mother can create.

Memories of childhood should be the best and brightest that we have, and a mother is responsible for the coloring of these memories. Many a man and woman of today remembers mother's singing years ago. There might not have been any style to her songs, and perhaps she did not "keep the tune" very well, but she made a cheery sound that found its way into the heart as a lasting recollection.

The good, old-fashioned mother; the one who does her own work and makes her children's clothes; who has a flower garden, and perhaps a garden filled with spicy-smelling herbs, is the mother who goes singing around the house, building for her family better than she knows, an influence that is permanent and pervasive. The dearest memory of home always has a mother in it, and the sweetest echo that lingers in memory's chambers is that of mother's voice singing at her work.

THE COZY CORNER

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

We shall be glad to hear from any one who has a puzzling question about home matters, or almost anything else, to ask, and from those who can answer any of the questions. As it is a newspaper rule not to publish any letter or article to which the writer's real name is not attached, while the real name will not be published, unless so desired, be sure to place your true signature at the end of your letter, in addition to the pen name for publication.

Do not hold back from writing because you have an idea you cannot write a letter good enough to publish. This is a "home folks" page, and this is, above all else, a "home folks" column. We do not wish to put on any frills. Even if you have no questions to ask, tell us something about your home and where and how you live.

Write on one side of your paper only, and address letters to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., writing in the lower left hand corner of the envelope, "The Cozy Corner."

FROM A STEPMOTHER.

We are never without The Blade, and the Cozy Corner is the first news I read. I am the stepmother of a daughter. Before I married my husband, friends said "you will live to regret it. That child will part you."

I answered, "I love my husband, and, although I have never seen his child, I know I will love her."

We were married four years before my husband's daughter made us her first visit. She was boarding with her mother's cousin, and they were angry, at my husband's marriage. After four years of waiting, she at last came to live with us, and it is now five years since I have had her. She is twelve years of age. I love her as I would my own child. God has never blessed me with children, all I have is Ruth. She is a neat sewer, can cook and bake very nearly as well as I can, and I was an expert cook in a hotel before my marriage.

I teach her how to mend and do fancy work. My daughter often says, "Mama, I dreaded to come and live with you because I was afraid you would beat me like a stepmother I saw once."

Now, I ask you, dear readers, why should a stepmother be cruel? I never strike my child. I take an interest in her. I love her. We never have words. I'll say, "Ruth, come dear, this work must be done," and then she will help me. For her birthday, which was in May, we bought her a piano. She is now taking lessons. Making but slow progress, she gets discouraged and says, "Mama, I will never learn." But I sit with her through her lessons and try to help her. When I have company, I excuse myself at nine, and take Ruth to bed. I have only missed one night, and that was when I was out of town.

I have always thanked God for giving me such a sweet child. The world would be dark without her. She says, "Mama, I'll never get married. I want to stay with you."

Dear readers, my stepchild is never in the way. Stepmothers should not think, "well, she is not mine, I simply cannot love her."

If the children are cross, don't beat them. Talk to them and teach them to do right. Do not take all their time. Children are children only once. Let them have their playtime, but also make them work, but not heavy work. I hope all stepmothers are blessed with their children as I am with mine.—Mrs. Carl Arlington.

You sent us a good letter and we hope you will come again.—Ed.

ANOTHER "MOTHER" LETTER.

I have just read the paper and like Sister Maggie's letter very much. I think that if more would write, it would be better, but probably many others are as busy as I, and have not written as often as they might. I would like to hear more about living expenses, as we live in town, have to work hard and must look after every penny. We just work at anything, so never know when we are out of work.

Some time ago I wrote to The Blade and said I would tell my idea of making my children mind. I talk to them and tell them they must be good or no one will like them. If I tell them to do anything, and they do not obey, I talk to them, explaining how wrong they have done, and if that does not do, I make them undress and go to bed. That will conquer quicker than anything else, and sometimes I put a dress on the boy and make him wear it till he promises to mind. But the best way is to put them to bed. When you say "no," make it no. If you say "yes," make it yes, and you will see a difference in the children.

I have to make mine mind, as I go out to work some, and I do not want to take a child with me who will be in everything that is within reach. My children go any place with me and are well behaved. I tell them before they go, "you must be good or I will not let you go any more."

I can set anything on my center table and it stays there. Some children who come here act in such a way that when they go my house looks like a cyclone had struck it. I haven't the time to clean my house often, so my children must not make it dirty, and they are just as well off for having to be careful.

They play out of doors in the shade of the house. If they get tired, they come in and behave themselves. Sometimes they get a pillow and lie down, or else look at a book. Children can run a mother to death and never be the happier for it, because the more they have the more they want.

This plan might not work with all children, so will some other mother give her ideas? I love to read other ideas, as I am young and maybe others know much better than I.

I am weaving carpet now. My husband is working on a farm. The children fill shuttles for me, do other things and help in the garden, too. I must close for this time, as my letter is getting too long.—A Young Mother.

The editor thinks this letter is filled with excellent ideas, but she does not quite approve of putting the boy in a girl's dress as a punishment. It will not teach him to have a very high opinion of women if a girl's dress is put upon him as a reproach and disgrace. Did you think of this side of the question, young mother?

A LOVE FEAST.

In the Cozy Corner of June 20 appeared this question from Worker: "Last fall I attended a Methodist quarterly meeting. At the beginning of the service, they passed bread and water. What does that signify?"

Today, we have a letter from Simon's Wife, explaining the meaning of this ceremony. She says: I would say to the one who asked about the Methodist quarterly meeting, that the bread and water service is a love feast, which signifies that you are in love and charity with the world. That is, you eat with it as one family. Then every one tells what the Lord has done for them. It is not a sacrament, but is a feast of love. To a stranger, it might be meaningless, but to a Methodist it is beautiful. It brings everyone closer together and removes social distinctions.—Simon's Wife.

ABOUT CANNING.

We are indebted to Simon's Wife for this article about canning:

If you want your fruit to be fresh and like it was in season, do not use sugar in canning, as that makes it "sauce," instead of fruit. If you have an oven grate on legs, use it, if not, make one of an old box split up. Put it in your boiler, and fill boiler with cold water. Pack fruit, berries, peaches, or anything you have, in cans with a wooden potato masher that will just go into the cans. Be careful to pack, not mash. When all cans are full, put on covers, without rubbers, and set in boiler. Light your fire and go about your other work. When the water boils up once, take out cans, put on rubbers and seal. Lay cans on sides in water to cool. Fruit prepared in this way will never spoil, and will be solid and well mixed with juice to the bottom of the can, which is quite an advantage with juicy fruit like strawberries.

Tomatoes must be cooked first, for they contain so much air, that if they are put in cans raw, the can will not be over half full after the tomatoes are cooked. They will keep, but it is a waste of cans, so I let them boil up on the stove, fill cans, and seal and drop into hot water or allow water to boil five minutes with them in. The latter is best if you have more than a boiler full at a time.

Pumpkins, squash, beans, peas, etc., can be canned by first preparing them as for use. Fill the cans and seal, and give them a good, long boil in the boiler. Fruits canned in my way can be used for pies, or eaten with cream and sugar, and for everyday use are much better than rich sauce.

CANNED BEANS.

This is the way I can beans. I put on plenty of water to cover them, and cook about forty minutes. Then I add one level teaspoonful of salicylic acid to a gallon of beans. Stir well. Have jars ready, fill and seal tight, and set in a cool place.—Ella Jones.

RED RASPBERRIES.

Take the berries when just right for canning and put them in a jar. Then set the jar in cold water and place on the stove to boil. Let the fruit boil five minutes. In the meantime have ready a hot syrup of two parts water to one part sugar. Pour over berries and seal.—Mrs. V.

CONCERNING TOMATOES.

Dear Sister Maggie:—In reply to your inquiry how to can tomatoes, I will tell you how to raise them, then how to can them. I have been keeping house for thirty years and have never failed to have an abundance of fine tomatoes every year. Get a good variety. Set the plants from three to four feet apart each way in the rows. Support them with poles seven feet high. Trim off all suckers and lower leaves. They will form a kind of bush. Tie them to the poles in several places until they are near to the top of the plant, then let them go. Twenty-five plants raised in this way will bear more tomatoes than fifty on the ground, and will be clean and sweet, with no rot or ground taste to them.

Gather as soon as they are ripe. Never let them get overripe. Soon as they are picked pour boiling water over them. Let stand a few minutes until the skin will slip off easily. Quarter them; cook in large pieces until they are heated through, then seal in tin cans. I never could keep them in anything else. Don't put any water on them to cook. Their own juice will be sufficient. Drain off some of this before sealing if there is too much liquid. When you seal the cans be sure there are no air holes. Set them in a cool, dry place, and you will have delicious fruit the whole year round. The cans, if taken care of, will last several years. Even when some rusty, you can line with writing paper or paper you get in the store will do. Tomatoes taken off the vines to ripen will be tasteless and will not keep.—Jane Mealy.

Thank you for the information. You sent us a good, helpful letter.—Ed.

A FEW LINES.

Dear Friends of the Cozy Corner:—I love to read your letters so well, I thought I would add a few lines that I hope will be of interest to some one. We live on a farm and raise nearly everything that we eat. I can plenty of fruit and vegetables and set a good table the year round with very little expense. If the waste basket don't get this, I may come again.—Ella Jones.

Well, you see, the waste basket did not get it, so you will feel that you can come again.—Ed.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Last summer I set a dish of fly poison on the floor where the ants ran, and in a few days they were all gone. I saw no more of them until this summer, when I put the poison on the floor again and they have all disappeared. Just a little piece of the fly-paper in sweetened water is all that is needed.—Farmer's Wife.

Carrying chickens by the legs, heads down, is a cruel, barbarous practice, especially if the fowls are fat. The proper way is to have the body under your arm, with the head to the back of you, and feet firmly held with the hand. In this way they can be carried a long distance, and with no discomfort to the fowl.—A Poultry Raiser.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters are received from Illinois Ignoramus, Hans' Wife, Grainie Sand, Janet, Eureka Willits, Yankee Girl, S. S. Clepper, Francis Black, D. L. Pigott, and Mrs. A. A. B., all of which are welcome and will receive attention as soon as possible.

G. B. M.—Thank you for your letter and copy of poem. You obeyed all the rules, and we trust you will come again.

Mrs. Mattie Covey.—We appreciate your interest in The Old Camp Meeting story, and read the circular enclosed in your letter.

Mrs. L. E. P. Howard.—Thank you for your canned tomato recipe. Try the Cozy Corner again with something else.

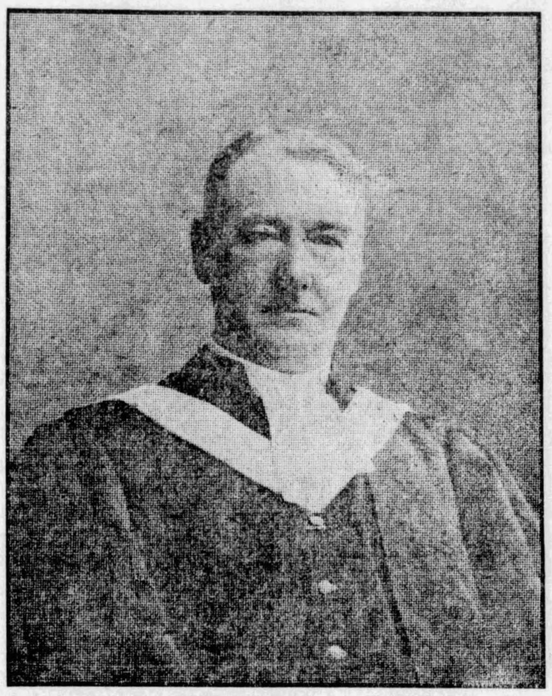
Mrs. V.—If you will read the article headed "About Canning," written by Simon's Wife, I think it will give you the information you want. There are no requirements connected with admittance to the Cozy Corner. Everyone is welcome. You may write letters to every department on the Household Page at the same time, if you wish to.

Dora B. Phillips.—Thanks for your "Timely Topics."

A GREAT AND GOOD SCOTCHMAN

Dr. John Watson—author, lecturer and preacher—whose death occurred in May of this year, was best known to the world as a writer of novels, which, in addition to being delightful stories, are all that is good and beautiful. His pen name was Ian Maclaren, and to the reader of fiction he is familiar as the author of Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, The Days of Auld Lang Syne, A Doctor of the Old School, Kate Carnegie and Afterwards. In literature he belongs to that brilliant group of Edinburgh University men, who in the later years of the nineteenth century, revived the literary renown of Scotland. Robert Louis Stevenson, S. R. Crockett, J. M. Barrie and "Ian Maclaren" are household words wherever the English language is spoken. Though the latest to enter the field of letters, Dr. Watson was not younger in point of years than his three brilliant compatriots. He was born in the same year (1850) as the much-loved Stevenson, at Manningtree, Essex. The two were indeed fellow-students at the university. "I remember," said Dr. Watson, in referring to Stevenson, "that his attendance was very occasional, and that when he entered the class room with his velvet jacket and Bohemian air he was invariably greeted with a round of cheers."

Says a writer in the July Book News Monthly, John Watson was a Highlander, pure blooded. He would never have been taken for aught else, with his broad shoulders and towering dimensions, his hearty, pleasant manner, his air of brisk vigor and his thoughtful face that could well be called canny. The formative years of his childhood were filled with the breezes of the brae; and his holidays were always spent on the hospitable farms of his uncles and aunts, where he was initiated into the mysteries of the "roups" and "tacks," and heard endless talk of horses, ploughs and kye. He was always alive to the poetry of the humble life that surrounded him on the hillside farms and in the scattered villages of central Scotland.



THE LATE DR. JOHN WATSON.
(Ian MacLaren.)

At the age of sixteen he entered Edinburgh University, and in college, as on the farm, humanity appealed to him more than academic honors. From his student days he gathered those impressions that gave to the world "The Lad O' Pairts," that fine study in the perennial heroisms of the University life of Scotland, which presents so faithfully the passion for education, the passion for seeing their children "getting on" that makes many Scotch peasants pinch and starve themselves to send a clever lad to college.

In 1875, Dr. Watson was ordained the minister of the Free Kirk, Logiealmond, Perthshire. It was a hamlet with a few straggling houses, on the edge of a waste of heathery hill and moorland. But he loved the country and knew the ways of the country folk, and it proved the harbor where the ship found anchor. Here it was he learned those great, strong spirits of Drumtochty, now immortalized in the Brier Bush.

His literary career was one of the most curious histories of imaginative work. Though he could write so well, he was reluctant to do it, and like George Eliot, who was induced to try her hand at fiction by George Henry Lewes, Dr. Watson was long besought, even tormented, as he put it, by his friend, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the "British Weekly," before he was prevailed upon to see what he could do at story-telling. For seventeen years he had happily pursued his life as a preacher in a thriving Liverpool parish. In 1895 he was little known outside his own city, and, with the exception of a few religious contributions to English journals, he had done nothing in the field of literature. Even when he sent Dr. Nicoll the immortal "Domsie," which that able critic pronounced well done, and which won him the hearts of two continents, he was unaware that he could write. "Why do they fuss so much?" was ever the question on the good man's lips: "it is nothing. I say what I think and that is all."

This simplicity, this unawareness that he was bigger than other men—which was true both mentally and physically—was the charm of this wholesome Scot.

THE SIN OF OMISSION

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
These chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion,
That tarries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret Sangster.

A Smile Specialist

"One, two, three, four, five holes in that pair! Papa Doctor, do you think red darning cotton looks artistic on a background of brown?"

Doctor West looked up from his medical magazine, glanced with a smile at the decorated sock, then let his eyes rest on the laughing face above it. "It certainly shouts the fact forth that my daughter is an artist," he solemnly declared. For some reason he did not turn back to the fascinations of the medical magazine. "Do you get tired of it, daughter?" he suddenly inquired. "Your work at home is pretty humdrum."

"As if taking care of a Papa Doctor could be humdrum!" Eleanor exclaimed indignantly. There was a silence; then under the influence of those questioning gray eyes she admitted: "Well, I'll confess, Papa Doctor, that when I hear John and Alice talk, it does give me vague and soulful longings for a career. Not one that would take me away from home, you know; I wouldn't leave you, Papa Doctor, for twenty careers. You see, John is famous as an eye specialist, and Alice in literature; but poor, little, insignificant me, I have no prospect of ever being famous in anything. You see, I have lots of spare time, and if I was only an artist or a writer, I might have a career too."

The doctor smiled at the mock-doleful tone. "I can suggest a career that you are eminently fitted for; in fact, you are a past master in the profession now, and it is one that this old world needs even more than it needs eye specialists," he remarked, half-humorously. "How would 'Eleanor West, Smile Specialist,' do for a sign? Watch the faces about you, and see if you do not think there is a demand for such a profession."

Eleanor laughed at the queer conceit; but the next day she could not get the suggestion out of her head. She found herself watching for the face that "needed a smile," and was surprised to find how many of them there were.

"I guess Papa Doctor was right; this old world does seem to need a few specialists of that kind."

The next week was one in which the busy doctor had scarcely a moment of leisure; so it was nearly two weeks before there came another evening when he could settle comfortably down in his own sitting-room in his own easy chair.

"Now, Papa Doctor, you needn't think you are going to bury yourself in any old medical magazine this evening," Eleanor exclaimed rebelliously, as he picked up a magazine. "You went to sleep last evening when I wanted to talk to you ever so much, so now you have to do penance and listen to me for two hours with never a chance for a look into that old medical journal," she warned him with mock severity.

The doctor laid down the journal with an assumed air of resignation.

"Allow me to present you with one of my professional cards," Eleanor remarked, gravely handing him a bit of cardboard on which was neatly lettered, "Eleanor West, Smile Specialist." "I don't distribute these to the general public," she explained, "just keep one tucked in the corner of my mirror to remind myself of my vocation; and you have no idea how fascinating it is, nor how many cases there are that need treatment.

"The first one was Mrs. Watson. She was having a headache, the baby was cross, the cake she baked for the sociable fell; I didn't very much blame the corners of her mouth for drooping as they did. I prescribed an hour's nap while baby and I looked after the sociable cake. It didn't take very long to coax a smile to the baby's face; it was a pretty sticky smile, owing to the frosting-dish, but it was genuine. And at the end of the hour his mother smiled, too. And you have no idea, Papa Doctor, what fun it is to watch the metamorphosis. There, doesn't that sound learned? And it took so little to cure them, too; lots of times only a smile, or a 'good morning,' or a wee bit of help or encouragement.

"But there were some cases that were harder than those," she went on. "Some that made me think I wasn't wise enough to be a smile specialist; it does take such a lot of wisdom to know what to prescribe sometimes, and you know, Papa Doctor, I never was very wise."

There was a very tender light in the doctor's eyes as he answered the troubled question in the blue eyes. "You have wisdom of the heart, daughter, and that is better than any wisdom of the head."

(Concluded Next Week.)

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Dear M. G. R.'s—I believe it is time I came in again if I wish to remain a member of the circle. How many have seen the sand hills of Nebraska? I taught school in them this spring. You have all heard of the Kinkaid land. Almost all of it is sand. There is little or no black soil or loam. One may climb to the highest hill to be seen, thinking to have a view of the country, but only to find that just beyond is one a little higher.

This country was once the site of extensive ranches, but the land has been nearly all homesteaded, thus breaking up the ranches. Many of the homesteaders are farmers from more fertile regions, and they are making heroic efforts to cultivate the soil and grow trees and such crops as are found in other parts of Nebraska. Along the streams, and on some hillsides may be found several kinds of pines.

For fear of taking up too much space, or even of having this go into the waste basket, I shall stop.—Clara.

The picture accompanying this interesting descriptive letter, is a thumb-nail portrait of its writer. The only fault we have to find with the letter is, that it is too short.—Miss Prudence.

Dear M. G. R.'s—After an absence of quite a while I shall surprise you all with my presence once more.

Now, you need not get the idea into your minds that my time has been taken up because of domestic cares or pleasures, as is the case with so many of the old-timers who used to attend often. By way of suggestion, I will say that I have never been henpecked nor have I been boss. I would not have said so much had I thought of how many of the members who have companionship down the lane of life, but then no one will take exception. I hope, though, if anyone does that it will be some young widow, for I never saw an old maid in my life. I have often wondered if there ever existed such a one, for age does not count after the sweet sixteen notch is passed, though there are exceptions to all rules, and I might mention some names in this connection, but forbear for fear of being called to time, and a record of my stewardship demanded.

How many of you are going to attend the Jamestown exposition? You all should come to that, and while en route there take a look at "Old Virginia." I should be pleased to have you make a stop-over in southwest Virginia with me. I shall not promise you the best time you ever had; yet I would try to induce Sweet Sixteen that here is the place for a future home.—Phrenologist.

You are inclined to be a bit sarcastic, my friend. What's the use?—Ed.

There have been so many good letters in our department lately that I did not suppose any one had missed me, until "Illi Nois" mentioned my name, so I will try to respond promptly.

The correspondence question seems to have awakened an "undying" interest among us. I think the instance related by "C. E. S." should be a warning to girls to be careful to whom they send their address. But I have had my say on this subject once so will try to refrain from discussing it more.

It isn't surprising that Miss Prudence felt snubbed at our seeming lack of interest in her list of questions; but perhaps we were all waiting to see some one else's answer first.

I think they are rather hard to answer, when just one virtue or quality is asked for, as there are so many of each that one admires.

One virtue which I most admire is cheerfulness, as that is something which nearly everyone is susceptible to. And those who can be cheerful when the petty trials of life nearly overcome them certainly are a blessing to all with whom they come in contact.

There are two qualities which I most admire in a woman. They are purity and patience; for if people read only a few of the sensational pieces printed in the newspapers of today, they will partly realize the lack of purity in a great number of women, sad to say. Patience and firmness are two virtues which every woman needs in the home. Oftentimes mothers dislike to "make" the child obey, but if they always try to be firm but patient with the little one, the child will be much better off and will have much more respect for the parent in later life.

The quality I consider most admirable in a man is sincere courtesy. Not the courtesy which causes him to be very considerate and polite to strangers and his family in public, and decidedly the opposite in private; but real, true courtesy which lasts at all times. Also not the sort which causes a young man to be very thoughtful of the girl of his choice until shortly after their wedded life begins, when he thinks she does not appreciate it as before. Perhaps she doesn't care for just the same sort, still I think little courtesies are never entirely unappreciated.

In one sense the last question is easy and in another hard, for one usually knows his weak points, but it isn't so easy to designate one's weak point. One I consider the weakest is lack of perseverance, for oftentimes when I get to the hardest place, where I could soon conquer the work, it looks like "a mountain instead of a mole hill," and "can't" comes along in big letters; it is very hard to put it aside and say "I will," but one always feels much better when he is conqueror.

"Illi Nois," your story was very pretty, but touching. It is hard to realize how short a time it really is until we are with our loved ones again, and it seems harder when the trials of life surround one and the departed is missed so much.—Pansy, of Kansas.

Pansy, you wrote us a good, thoughtful letter, which, I am sure, will be read with appreciation.—Ed.

Those questions were not overlooked by me, but they came so soon after my first letter that I thought I had better not come too often. Here's my answer to the first questions:

My favorite virtue is a sweet temper.

A woman's most admirable quality, in my sight, is modesty.

The noblest quality in a man is honesty, I think.

Miss Prudence and the rest of the M. G. R.'s surely know that my weak point is a weak mind, don't you think so? I do.

Miss Prudence said we might write about our favorite books and authors. Miss Alcott's "LittleWomen" never grows old to me, and I have read it three times, too. Another one of my favorites is "Blennerhasset." Have any of the M. G. R.'s read that? It is about the most conspicuous parts of Aaron Burr's life. It is history and romance mixed. I love history. It is my first choice among all reading matters. Books, music and nature are my choicest amusements.

"Larlyn Leath," I enjoyed your letter so much in The Blade of June 20th. Come again soon.

Well, I think you all must be tired of my chattering, so I will stop, with best hopes and regards for all the M. G. R.'s.—Miss Ouri.

I do not believe that any of us have noticed that you are deficient in intellect. What made you tell it?—Ed.

REMARKS BY MISS PRUDENCE.

We have quite a sheaf of letters laid away for future reference. They are from A Tennessee Girl, India, Pedagogue, Cara Mia, Country Rosebud, Dilliard and Farmer John. Some of the letters are from old members, come back to the fold, and others are new applicants for admittance. These are good days in the Merry-Go-Round. We like to have a crowd.

Miss Prudence is receiving so many requests for addresses of M. G. R. letter writers that she begs to announce she is not conducting a matrimonial or correspondence bureau. She has no right to furnish an address without first asking the consent of the one whose address is asked for, and this she has no time to do. Miss Prudence will do all she can to make you have a good time together in the circle, but she cannot furnish addresses for private correspondence.

I wonder if the new members of the M. G. R. know there is a badge for the circle. Of course you are a member whether you have a badge or not, but I thought I would mention it. The badges cost fifteen cents either in coin or stamps, and as they are of solid silver and of very pretty design, they are really worth twice what is charged for them. M. G. R. badges are scattered all over this broad country of ours. They have gone north, south, east and west, and are still going. If you wish to have one send fifteen cents in a letter addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., placing in the lower left hand corner of the envelope, M. G. R.

Helpful Hints

When the sun seems to promise a hot day, close all the doors and windows on the first floor of the house. Open the attic windows, have all the hall and chamber doors open, and thus manage the circulation of air in the house, so that all the warm air will escape upstairs and out the attic windows, and so keep the lower rooms cool. At 5 o'clock reopen the house again.

Clean house very early in the morning. Opening the house during the midday heat only makes it hotter than ever.

Open the cellar doors and windows night and morning, but keep them closed between 9 and 5. Warm, moist air entering a cool cellar makes it damp by condensation, as the dew that quickly gathers on cold surfaces, such as the iron work of the furnace, plainly shows.

Tansy is a sure preventive of moths. Sprinkle the leaves freely about your woolens and furs when putting them away for the summer, and the moths will never get into them.

JULY RECIPES.

Popovers.

Some of our readers may not know how delicious these little biscuits are on a warm summer morning, and so easily made, too. Buy an iron pan, called a gem pan, that has deep cups, which will cost about twenty-five cents. Set the pan on the stove or in the oven for about ten minutes, to get very hot, before putting in the mixture. Into a mixing bowl put one cupful of milk, one cupful of flour, one unbeaten egg and a pinch of salt. Take an egg beater and whip the mixture until it is full of bubbles and very smooth. Grease the pans and put two brimming tablespoonfuls of the batter in each pan or cup and set immediately in the oven. They will be puffy balls of crispiness in half an hour.

Raspberry Charlotte.

Stew one pint of raspberries, sweeten to taste and mash well. Take some soft, white bread and cut in thin, small squares, arrange a layer in a bowl or mold and pour on enough of the cooked mashed berries to wet the bread, then have another layer of bread and syrup, and so on until all is used. Garnish the dish with the whole ripe berries sprinkled with powdered sugar, and serve with cream.

Floating Island.

One quart of milk, five eggs, four teaspoonfuls sugar, two teaspoonfuls extract of vanilla, one-half teaspoonful extract of almond. Heat the milk to scalding point, drop whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth upon it in form of little islands. Let same simmer for a moment, then skim off and place upon a platter. Now, take yolks of eggs, well beaten with sugar, and pour slowly into the hot milk until same is thickened. When cool enough, add the flavorings of vanilla and almond. Then pour into a deep glass dish. From platter transfer the islands to dish for serving.

Queen Cake.

One cupful butter, two cupfuls sugar, one cupful sweet milk, three cupfuls flour, four eggs, one-half cupful cornstarch, teaspoonful of soda.

THE POETS' CORNER

As this is the first appearance of our new department, The Poets' Corner, though announcement was made of it in last week's paper, it may be well to repeat the explanation of its purpose.

The Poets' Corner is a sort of "lost and found" poems, songs and quotation department. Suppose you know a verse or a line of a poem or song, but you do not recall any more of the words or the name. You send to the Household page the line or verse you remember, with a request for the rest of it and the author's name. This request is printed. Someone sees it who knows the poem you have forgotten, and is kind enough to copy it and send it in. This is published in The Poets' Corner, and you learn what you want to know. We hope this idea will "take hold," for the editor is certain the department can be made very interesting. Original verse will be occasionally used, also. Address letters The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., placing in the lower left hand corner of the envelope, "Household Editor."

I reply to the question asked as to the authorship of the poem entitled Life, and beginning, "Life, we have been long together," we have had responses from Marietta, E. C. W., and Ella Gill Sedgwich. To the last mentioned we are indebted for a copy of the entire poem, which we are glad to print.

From the letters received is gleaned this bit of autobiography regarding the writer of the verses, Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld:

"Marietta" writes that Mrs. Barbauld's father, Rev. John Aikin, a dissenting minister, kept an academy in Leicestershire, England, where his daughter was born in 1743. Her husband was also a dissenter. They were married in 1774 and established a school for boys in Palgrace, Suffolk, where Mrs. Barbauld labored for ten years. Owing largely to her zeal and literary fame, the school became very popular. Her works have been often reprinted and translated into other languages. She died in 1825.

E. C. W. tells us that the poem was written when Mrs. Barbauld was 81 years old. On one occasion the verses were repeated to Wordsworth at a time when he was walking up and down in his sitting room. He asked to have them repeated again and again, until he had learned them by heart. Then, pausing in his walk, to himself he said: "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines."

The poem, as it was so kindly sent to us, is this:

O whither, whither dost thou fly,
"Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where, we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.
Oh, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend, unseen thy trackless course
And, in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell, where I must seek this compound, I?"

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matters base, encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait like some spellbound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years, the appointed hour,
To break thy trance, and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
Oh, say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?
Life! We've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good night; but in some brighter clime,
Bid me Good morning!

ORIGINAL POEMS.

These lines were penned by one who though a "shut in," evidently finds comfort in pretty thoughts.

I fain would paint a picture
Of the sky,
But alas! I cannot do it,
If I try.
'Cause I haven't had nuff sorrow
To enable me to borrow
His own paints an' pigments
From the sky.

I would like to cheer a lone one,
Bye and bye,
But I cannot give the comfort,
Wonder why?
'Cause I haven't had nuff affliction
Bearing it with sure conviction
'At a feller has to have,
Afore he'll try.

Oh, then, do not think that sorrow's
Out of place,
'Cause it mars your own sweet gladness
When it comes.
For with it you paint the picture,
Bring sweet solace to your neighbor,
And find Christ your elder brother,
When it's done.

—Francis Black.

REQUESTED.

In my boyhood's days I had in my scrap book a poem by Anne Marrias Welby beginning as follows:

The tall grass waves o'er lowly graves
The golden sunshine floods the meadows,
And in the breeze the willow trees
Wave to and fro with flickering shadows.

The whole poem was lovely, indeed, though I have been a great reader and admirer of poetry nearly all my life, I don't think I ever read anything more beautiful. My scrap book got destroyed by fire, and I have missed my favorite poem greatly. For thirty years I have watched the newspapers and magazines, hoping to get a copy for another scrap book, but all in vain, for I have never since seen the poem or a word about the writer.

Will some one kindly send it in for publication, and tell me something about its wonderfully gifted writer?—D. L Pigott.

Can anyone tell me the name and author of the poem beginning:

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.

Eleanor M.

Can anyone inform me where the following stanza can be found, and who is the author?—A. G. Jackmon, Spring water, N. Y.

"Reasoning at every step he treads
Man oft mistakes his way,
While meaner things which instinct leads
Are seldom known to stray."

QUOTATIONS.

Who wrote?

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Who wrote?

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall?
Atoms or systems into ruins hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

RDEN TRUCK TO BEAR UNION LABEL

w to Label Tomatoes Without Squashing Them Is Puzzling the Farmers.

w York, July 20.—Garden truck g union labels is the latest thing ed in Newburg, N. Y. Farmers t vicinity have organized and for affiliation with the Central Union.

only rock in the path of the new idea is whether a union label be affixed to vegetables. If farmers ercome this difficulty they will be med by the labor unions, and walk- delegates will include kitchen in- ion among their duties.

e proposition took the labor leaders prise, and they appointed Jacob an and Anthony Dolan a commit- to look into the matter. The com- will meet with the Farmers' Sunday at Walden. Dr. Dyer is head of the agricultural move-

on men in Newburg are enthusi- over the project and say they will need no compulsion to purchase union vegetables if the prices are lower. It is acknowledged, however, that the question of how to place union labels on goods is perplexing, and unless solved may keep the farmers outside the breastworks of organized labor.

It is maintained by some persons that every vegetable must be stamped.

Thereupon critics ask how it will be possible to label ripe tomatoes without squashing them. Others say it will not do merely to label pea pods, but that each separate pea must receive it scertificate of character. This would also create work for the unemployed. Then there has arisen the problem of how succotash can be labelled.

When it comes to eggs, some of the labor men say it may be necessary to include hens in the union. If this be done, the question of keeping them from workingovertime and the matter of limiting their output will have to be solved.

GARET PREVENTS A LYNCHING BEE

zen Militiamen Gain Control of Situation at Hahnville in Amusing Manner.

hnville, La., July 20.—A dozen men faced a mob of 100 would-be rs here early today, and without a shot sent them peaceably back w Orleans.

trol over the mob was gained at a nt when an unequal fight threat- by a remark drawled in soft ru accent by a militiaman, who

y of you fellows got a cigaret?"

augh breezed over the crowd and this break in the tension an ugly on cleared up.

posse had arrived at Hahnville freight train. Rumors that a mob oming had occasioned the placing tra sentries by the militia.

posse jumped from the freight at the railroad station, which is a mile from the jail, covered two aph operators there with revolvers ler to prevent alarm and then d for the jail. A short distance the railroad station the lynchers ly were confronted by Major Wheat and a bare handful of his men.

With the militiamen's guns leveled at their waists the members of the mob halted. Their revolvers and clubs were held in menacing positions. Scarcely a man moved and not a word was spoken for nearly a minute, and then the militiaman, with the happy inspiration, recalled the comradeship of both sides by his homely request for a smoke. Immediately a leader in the mob spoke up. "We want just a word with the captain."

Major Wheat replied that there would be no talking; that unless the mob marched off immediately for the railroad station he would give the order to fire.

This appeared to be what the mob had come to find out, for some of them exclaimed: "Come on, boys, we are going back," and all started for the railroad and were proceeding to the station, when the special train bearing the reinforcements came in at a speed which forced several men who were crowded on a low trestle to jump into a creek.

No one was hurt and the emptied special was reloaded with the mob members and sent to New Orleans.

LY LEADER NEEDED

Widespread Rebellion in China Near Canton.

w York, July 22.—A letter has been received at the headquarters e board of foreign missions of the byterian church from one of the al missionaries of the board now hina describing the conditions d Canton.

cording to Dr. J. M. Swan, the r of the letter, only a leader is sary for a widespread rebellion at part of China. He says that nly before twelve months have d a decided change in the go- ent may be expected, and that her it will be accomplished by of arms or not is yet to be deter- d.

MER KILLS FAMILY

e Struck Down Defending Her Boy.

Foster Father a Victim—Madman Shot by Neighbor He Threatened.

nica, Mich., July 21.—Henry heon, a farmer 50 years old, near village, yesterday ran amuck with e, killing his invalid son, his wife her foster father. Scutcheon was shot by Henry McClellan, a neighwhom the crazed murderer had also ked.

e dead were: Henry Scutcheon, Scutcheon, his wife, Willy Scutch- his 18-year-old son, and George An- Mrs. Scutcheon's foster father.

e Scutcheon form house had appar- always been a happy home, ex- for the cloud which the son's invalcast over the family.

ith no warning, so far as is known, heon suddenly murderously attack- is son with an axe. He crushed boy's head frightfully: When his interfered he turned on her and ed the frightened, screaming wo- from their house to the road, where nocked her down with his weapon. hen rushed back to the house and ered his foster father-in-law.

xt he tried to destroy himself. The ened man gashed his throat and s with a razor and took some Paris . His wounds did not weaken him the poison did not take immediate t. Axe in hand he returned to the where he had felled his wife a few ents before. The first blow had not her and she had been carried into ouse of Henry McClellan, near by, had rushed to another neighbor's help.

hen Scutcheon found that his wife in the McClellan home alive, he hed a window with his axe, jumped gh it and again attacked her. This he crushed her skull. He then left McClellan home and returned to his house, but when Mr. McClellan re- ed from his search for help, the ed man came out and started over rd him saying, "I want you, too." will shoot you if you come across replied McClellan, who had armimself with a shotgun. Despite the ning, Scutcheon came across with ler in his glance. McClellan there- shot him.

though McClellan fired the charges both barrels of the shotgun into the ed man's chest, Scutcheon lived for hour afterward. Coroner Walkley, Grand Haven, who examined the , says that he believes it was the nds Scutcheon inflicted on himself h killed him, as the shot had not trated to any great depth. As he writhing on the ground after he had shot and neighbors had tied him so he could not, in a last despairing t, attack anyone else, Scutcheon ed about his neighbors making statets that he watered his milk. It is that he had brooded over the death wo of his children and also over the that his neighbors were down on He had not been prosperous in a ncial way. A large scalp wound was nd on his head after his death, and it supposed that when he attacked his Mrs. Scutcheon came to the boy's nse and struck him with a wagon The son, Willie, was a helpless alytic.

FECTION FROM MONEY

sults in Amputation of Paymaster Coffin's Arm.

Chicago, July 22.—Major Paymas- Eugene Coffin has had his left arm putated, the result of infection from handling of money in paying ops. He was a veteran of the civil and a member of the old Mc Mc- lay regiment.

DECRIES TARIFF REVISION

Senator Takes Another Shy at the President.

Applies Proposed Revision to Products in Which Ohio Is Mostly Interested.

Franklin, O., July 20.—Senator Joseph Benson Foraker took up his cudgel against tariff revision yesterday afternoon, making it a feature of his address at the Franklin Chautauqua.

Since beginning his speaking campaign in Ohio last spring the senator has featured some particular subject in each address that gave him an opportunity to "knock" Theodore Roosevelt and the latter's policies. At the same time he defended his own opposition to measures which the President advocated.

At Canton the railroad rate bill was discussed for the benefit of shippers. At Steubenville an appeal to old soldiers was made. At Wilberforce university he practically advised the colored voters to bolt the Republican ticket if they didn't get all they asked from that party.

At Put-in-Bay he defended his position on the rate bill before a sympathetic audience of freight traffic agents. At Franklin today, where his audience was made up of no distinct class, he made tariff revision his principal theme, since that issue is of general interest. Perhaps the fact that the President is believed to favor revision and that William Howard Taft has said he thought schedules should be revised along the Republican lines, bearing in mind always the principle of protection, possibly made the subject a live one with the senator.

He took a whack at the President by saying he was thankful that, though Roosevelt's renomination had been suggested by a Democrat, no Democrat had ever nominated him for anything.

Making no reference to revision at the beginning of his address, but saying that he was grateful for the opportunity of answering newspaper charges and explaining certain votes cast by him in the senate, Mr. Foraker devoted most of his talk to the tariff.

His defense of his vote on the oleomargarine bill and the rate bill were similar to explanations made in previous speeches.

"What I want to know is, and I hope some Republican tariff revisionist in Ohio will tell me, whether he would change the duties, now levied for the protection of our agricultural interests, on wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, butter, milk, eggs, horses, hogs, sheep and cattle and if he would change these duties or any of them, would he make them higher, or lower, and if lower, how much lower? I have observed that most tariff revisionists want free coal and free hides and free wool.

"How is it with the tariff revisionists of Ohio? Do they want these articles admitted free of duty, or if they do not want free hides, free wool and free coal, do they want to lower the duties on those articles, or any of them, and if so, to what extent?

"Revision would do for us now precisely what it has done for us always heretofore. We would again be taught, and quickly, that we cannot increase the importation of products made abroad with foreign labor without lessening the demand for the same products made at home with American labor. That means not only a shorter pay roll, but lower wages, and thus the trouble will begin. The old story will be repeated. The only net gain for the country will be a new stock of experience. We already have enough of that. If we heed what it teaches we will not be deceived by the loud demands we hear, even though they may represent great numbers. That is to be expected."

CONVENTION BECAME MOB

Attempt of Railroad Attorney to Speak Causes Trouble.

Muskogee, I. T., July 19.—An attempt by Henry Asph, a railroad attorney of Guthrie, to address the Republican county convention yesterday converted the meeting into a fighting, howling mob.

Pistols were drawn, knives flashed and chairs wielded with telling effect, resulting in bruises and minor injuries to several persons. Deputy United States Marshal Bud Ledbetter appeared on the scene with a drawn six-shooter and restored order.

The trouble started when the forces opposed to Governor Frantz attempted to address the convention before the organization was perfected. Ledbetter saved Asp from being mobbed and took him to a place of safety. The Frantz forces were victorious in the test vote for temporary chairman, and the meeting then proceeded in an orderly manner.

GOVERNOR'S WIDOW DEAD

Never Recovered From Shock of Husband's Death.

Detroit, July 22.—Mrs. Hazen S. Pingree, widow of one of Michigan's most celebrated governors, died last night at her residence here, aged 67 years. Mrs. Pingree never fully recovered from the shock she received on learning of her husband's death five years ago, and a severe attack of rheumatism was followed by a general breakdown. She leaves a son, Hazen S. Pingree, jr., and a daughter, Mrs. Sharman L. Depew.

WILL CLEAN LOUISVILLE

Culmination of Remarkable Political Revolution Reached.

Situation Shaping Itself Into a Fierce Struggle at Polls This Fall.

Louisville, July 19.—With the appointment by Governor Beckham of complete new boards of councilmen and aldermen, in a day or two Louisville will have reached the culmination of a political revolution which in extent and effects has only been paralleled by one or two other cities of the first class in the history of the United States.

The upheaval is the result of the recent decision of the Kentucky court of appeals overturning the municipal election of 1905. On the face of the returns, as counted on election day, the Democratic ticket for city and county officers (Jefferson county) had been declared elected

Governor of Kentucky, Who Will Reorganize Louisville's City Administration.

but a contest in the courts was instituted by representatives of the fusion ticket, the only one in the field against the Democrats.

Election Invalid.

The court of appeals, in the final hearing of the case, decided that "gross frauds" in repeating, illegal voting, intimidation of voters and falsification of the count had prevailed to such an extent as to render the election invalid. Under the terms of the court's mandate, it became incumbent on Governor Beckham to appoint boards of councilmen and aldermen and a mayor for the city of Louisville and a county judge. The mayor and county judge were, under the law, empowered to fill all the remaining county and city offices made vacant by the decision. All the appointees under the decision held office until a special election is held in November of this year to fill the offices until 1909.

Governor Beckham appointed Robert W. Bingham mayor. Walter P. Lincoln was appointed county judge.

The new mayor and county judge proceeded forthwith to make practically a clean sweep of all the minor offices, such as city treasurer, county sheriff, etc., to the number of eighteen. Only two, or possibly three, of those holding under the 1905 election have been allowed to hold on until November. Nor have any of the unsuccessful Fusion candidates been appointed to any of the vacant places, but one prominent Fusion leader was appointed sheriff. The mayor also appointed new boards of safety and public works. The board of works is reported to be contemplating a general clean-up of those holding positions in that department, on the ground that in common with a number of members of the police and fire departments their chief work has been in the nature of organized intimidation and conniving at election frauds which caused the overturning of the 1905 election.

Sweeping Changes.

The board of safety has already made a start by securing the resignation of Chief of Police Gunther and the reduction of Assistant Chief Ridge and six captains, all the commanding officers of the police department, to the rank of patrolmen. Similar sweeping changes are expected to be made in the fire department, although Mayor Bingham announced last night that he would retain the chief, Fillmore Tyson.

One of the results thus far of the changes has been the putting of the lid down tight on saloons and gambling, and the general exodus of small gamblers and tenderloin habitues and "suspects," of all kinds. Last Sunday Louisville was absolutely "dry" from midnight Saturday until 5 o'clock Monday morning.

The situation seems to be shaping itself toward one of the fiercest struggles ever known in Louisville politics the coming autumn, when the ousted officials and their following hope, through the primaries and election to regain control.

FLOOD WATERS RECEDE

Damage in West Virginia Amounts to Half Million.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 19.—Conservative reports from interior points of West Virginia indicate that the floods caused by storms and cloudbursts are receding, and that the damage will reach at least half a million dollars. Four deaths have thus far been reported. At Macomber, in Preston county, the greatest damage was sustained. The loss to the county in bridges carried away will reach $100,000.

A dispatch from Wheeling, W. Va., gives details of the damage done in many towns in the Tygarts valley. The crest of the high water, however, has been reached, and the rivers and streams are receding rapidly.

Bridges and buildings continue to float down the river, and the situation on the Baltimore & Ohio and the Western Maryland railroads is chaotic. Train schedules have been annulled and the damage to highways will reach several hundred thousand dollars.

WAR ON PUBLIC PRINTER

Typos Carry Grievanc eto President and Attorney General.

Washington, July 22.—Declaring that Public Printer Charles A. Stillings is acting contrary to the laws of the United States in inaugurating a system "of arbitrarily deducting certain sums from the pay of proof readers as a fine for inadvertently overlooking errors in proofs read by them," Columbia Typographical Union No. 101, which in membership is the third strongest typographical union in the United States, yesterday adopted resolutions denouncing the public printer and instructing the secretary of the union to call upon Attorney General Bonaparte for an opinion as to the public printer's right to impose such fines.

The union mailed a copy of the resolutions to President Roosevelt and to the department of justice.

GIGANTIC BUTTER TRUST

Combine Worth $19,000,000 Controls Business.

Story Comes Out in Case of a Poor Man Who Had Only $370,000 for Family.

Detroit, July 17.—That there is a fullfledged butter trust capitalized at $19,000,000 and keeping the price of butter up to about thirty cents a pound was charged in United States circuit court yesterday when Judge Swan denied the petition of the American Farm Products company for a permanent injunction restraining Eben F. Dudley, of Saginaw, from engaging in the butter and creamery business in his home city.

Evidence showed that the $19,000,000 concern sometime ago bought out Dudley with the understanding that he was to keep out of the business, paid him $375,000 and agreed to give him a salary of $12,000 a year. Dudley claimed that the salary is no longer forthcoming. Attorneys from Chicago and New York represented the combine.

Dudley, through his attorneys, Lyon & Moinet, of St. Johns, straightway made the claim that the company is a trust and the story of the deal was unfolded.

A feature of the declaration by Dudley was that he had re-engaged in the business at Saginaw, because he wanted to make a little money, so that his wife and children could be provided for and that he knew no other business except the butter business. This seemed like a plaintive plea for a starving family, until a reporter inquired how much Mr. Dudley had received for his butter and creamery plants at Owosso and Saginaw, when he sold them about a year ago.

"All he got was about $375,000," said one of the attorneys.

Dudley will have a chance to make a little money to keep his family from want.

ORE TRADE PARALYZED

Nearly 15,000 Miners Strike for New Scale.

Steel Corporation and Strikers Both Declare No Concessions Will Be Made.

Duluth, Minn., July 22.—Nearly 15,000 men employed by the United States Steel corporation and independent mine owners on the Vermillion and Mesaba ranges went on strike Saturday, paralyzing the entire ore industry of the upper lakes and Superior region.

The men ask for a wage scale of $2.50 a day for an eight-hour shift on surface work; $3 a day for an eight-hour shift on underground work; $3 for an eight-hour shift on firing, pumping, shop and blacksmithing work, and $5 a day for an eight-hour shift on engineering and mechanical work.

The steel corporation contends that it made an agreement with the ore handlers in Duluth last May, to be binding on each until October 31, and that the ore handlers wilfully abrogated that agreement when, without any notice, the men refused to work. In a communication received by L. F. Cole, president of the Oliver Iron Mining company from the organizer of the Federation of Miners at Hibbing, it was stated that unless the demands of the miners were complied with by July 29 all the men belonging to the union on the ranges would strike. Just what prompted them to go out before the time mentioned is not apparent.

Efforts to bring about a compromise between the contending factions in Duluth have been without avail. The steel corporation officers say that they positively will not give an inch; likewise the strikers.

We Can All Make Money.

I believe anyone can make money in Mexican mining stock, and I want to add my experience in that line. While I have not made as much as some, still I am proud of my success. I sold stock which cost me $30 for $150, making 400 per cent in three months, and I still have stock which, at the present price, would make me a profit of $6,000. Why do people put their money in savings banks at 4 per cent when they can make so much more? The banks make from 50 to 100 per cent on your money, why not make it yourself? If you are afraid of mining investments, start on a small scale. Ten, twenty or fifty dollars, with the profits reinvested as they accrue, will soon make you thousands. Be sure to invest in a mine that is being actively operated, one from which at least $50,000 worth of ore has already been taken, and invest with a reliable company; then you are sure to win. For information regarding safe investments in Mexico, address the Pittsburg-Oaxaca Mining Co., Block 745, Pittsburg, Pa. I know by experience they are perfectly reliable. START, no matter how small the investment; you can't lose if you follow the advice of the Pittsburg-Oaxaca people. JOSEPH MICHIEL.

NEGRO DIES OF FRIGHT

Thought Mob in Cincinnati Meant to Lynch Him.

Cincinnati, O., July 22.—James Wilson, colored, died from fright last night, following an exciting chase and his arrest for shooting Charles Banlag, a white man. After the shooting Wilson was chased over half a mile by the police and a crowd of men who had witnessed the shooting. He was exhausted from his exertions and by the heat, but seemed afraid of mob violence, continually appealing for help from the police, who had to use force to save him. Physicians reported that when brought to the station Wilson's condition was normal and fright undoubtedly caused death. One of the detectives who assisted in the arrest was overcome by the heat, but soon recovered. Banlag's condition is said to be serious, but not necessarily fatal.

HANDED LEMON BY GHOST

Guardian Spook Was Slow and Arrest Followed.

St. Louis, July 20.—To have one's fortune told by the spirit of an Indian chief was the experience of Detective Harry McCrory when he went to the residence of Maude Bodenhof, No. 452 Van Buren street, for the purpose of securing evidence to convict her of telling fortunes.

McCrory inquired how she managed to summon friends from the spirit world. The fortune teller professed to remember nothing of what occurred, but said that the Indian chief always warned her of trouble in advance.

"He's handing you a lemon this time," said McCrory.

"No, sir, he has always proven a true friend and he would never deceive me," replied the fair fortune teller.

"I wonder how it was, then, that he neglected to tell you that I'm a police officer," replied McCrory, reflectively, scratching his head in a puzzled manner.

The woman screamed wildly at this statement, and looked about for an opportunity to escape, but was obliged to go to the police station.

NEW ZION HEADQUARTERS

Portland, Ore., July 20.—A dispatch to the Oregonian from Seattle, Wash., says if plans in process of formation come to maturity, Seattle will be the headquarters of a new Zion movement.

Alex Granger, who was Dowie's right hand man when that leader was in the height of his glory, is expected in the city soon.

HE SEES FATHER DYING

Vision of Rev. Henry Rollings Verified.

New York, July 18.—Students of psychology are besieging the Rev. Henry Rollings at the New York Homeopathic medical college, Sixty-third street and Eastern Boulevard, to question him concerning a remarkable vision which he had of his father's death at a time when his parent was 3,000 miles away.

Mr. Rollings was asleep when he was awakened by a vivid picture. He sat up in bed, and then saw his father dying, with his relatives sitting beside him. This is his story of the vision:

"My father was Geoffrey Rollings, of Bedfordshire, England, and between us the tie of consanguinity was strong. We kept in constant communication by mail, and my father knew of all my trials and all my triumphs, if I had any. After a particularly arduous day I threw myself on a bed exhausted. I fell into a slumber, from which I was awakened by a vivid picture. I sat up in the bed and saw my father as distinctly as I ever saw him in my life and heard him call out, 'My boy, my boy, I am dying.'

"The picture that was presented to me was that of my father lying in bed in a room I did not recognize. I could tell by the general furnishings that it was English. I saw all my relatives there except my sister, and wondered why she was absent at such a moment. The scene was as sharp and plain as if I had been in the auditorium of a playhouse watching the actors on the stage.

"I saw my father sink back on the pillows, and I knew that he was dead.

"Then my second self, or whatever you see fit to call it, seemed to resolve itself back into my material body and I awakened, arose from the bed and cried out that my father was dead. I was told that I was suffering from nervous prostration, and should return to bed. I obeyed and fell asleep for about eight hours.

"When I got up the vision of my father came to me in my waking hours with greater vividness than when I saw it in my subconscious state.

"Two weeks from that day a letter came from England telling of the death of my father at the exact hour and day when I had seen him and with the additional information that just before he had breathed his last he had seen me standing at his bedside.

"The letter announcing my father's death told me that the family had removed from the old homestead to another house in Bedfordshire, which I had never seen. Subsequent inquiry showed that the room as I saw it in my strange mental condition was precisely as it was in fact. My sister's absence, as I learned at the same time and which made a marked impression upon me, was due to illness."

Dr. Rollings received his theological education in England and was ordained in the Established Church. He came to America with Bishop Sullivan, whose ecclesiastical title was the Colonial Bishop of the Church of England.

Before going to New York he was curate of St. Andrew's parish, of which the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, subsequently convicted of heresy for denying the physical resurrection of the Savior, was the rector.

JANUARY IS FREE AGAIN

Returns to Kansas City to Engage in Business.

Leavenworth, Kan., July 19.—Willian January, alias Charles Anderson, for whose pardon 50,000 persons petitioned, was released from the federal prison here today. Anderson returned to Kansas City, where he will engage in business.

Anderson was convicted eleven years ago of robbing an Oklahoma postoffice and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years. He escaped two years later and went to Kansas City, assumed the name of Anderson and married. In April, this year, an ex-convict notified the warden of the man's whereabouts and he was arrested and taken back to Leavenworth. Owing to the exemplary life Anderson had led in Kansas City his neighbors started a movement for his release. He says he will seek to have his citizenship restored and if successful will then ask the courts to change his name to Anderson for the protection of his wife and child.

RIVERS ARE STILL RISING

Missouri and Kaw Are Doing Much Damage.

Kansas City, July 20.—Both the Missouri and Kaw rivers at Kansas City continue to rise and reports of damage continue to come in. Basements are flooded on Union avenue, in the wholesale district in the west bottoms. The ferry boat across the Missouri was forced to stop running because of the strong current.

Backwater has flooded the homes of a hundred truck farmers living in the lowlands of Quindaro, Kas., and has driven them to higher grounds. At Kaw point and other low lying places within thirty miles east and west of Kansas City people have been forced to leave their homes and farms have been inundated. The weather bureau predicts that the Missouri will become stationary tonight.

TAFT ANNOUNCES PLANS

Will Deliver Speech in Oklahoma August 24.

Washington, July 17.—Secretary Taft has finally arranged to make his political speech at Oklahoma City, Okla., on August 24, three weeks before the election. He will stop there en route from the east to the Pacific coast, whence he sails from Seattle, Wash., on September 10 for the Philippines.

A number of other speeches are to be made by the secretary on this trip, but the dates and places have not yet been finally determined on. Some time ago Secretary Taft promised the Republican leaders of Oklahoma that he would speak to the people in Oklahoma City before the election was held for the adoption of the new constitution, and his prospective visit there is in fulfillment of that promise.

TUBERCULOSIS CONTAGIOUS

Texas Governor Will Proclaim in Warning to Railroads.

Houston, Tex., July 17.—Dr. Wm. M. Brumby, state health officer, who is here today, says the governor will shortly issue a proclamation declaring tuberculosis a contagious disease.

The proclamation will give the railroads notice and it will be a statutory offense punishable by a fine of $500 to transport a person afflicted with a contagious disease into the state. If in interstate travel a passenger demands that the carrier bring him to Texas, the health office will require that the railroad notify the authorities at destination and that the patient will be required to submit to an examination and if not satisfactory the patient will be subject to deportation.

CHARGE AGAINST STANDARD

Accused of Trying to Force Competitors Out of Business

New York, July 18.—Charges were made in the United States circuit court today by Henry A. Powell, representing Preston & Davis, a Brooklyn oil firm, that the Standard Oil company was endeavoring by unfair methods to force his clients out of business. Mr. Powell said that his clients were the principal competitor of the Standard Oil Co. in Brooklyn.

JAPANESE AND KOREANS

Serious Rioting Follows Abdication of Emperor.

Seoul, July 20.—An enraged mob of a thousand persons attacked and burned the residence of the Korean premier, Yi Wang Kang. The premier was absent at the time on a visit to the palace.

This afternoon the rioters surrounding the premier's residence were dispersed by the Japanese police with the assistance of the artillery. The cracks of rifles continue to be heard, and it is believed that a collision has occurred between Japanese police and Korean soldiers. If Japanese troops attack the Koreans, the state of unrest will be aggravated. An alleged plot was reported to Marquis Ito today. He was told that the imperial guard had been clandestinely ordered by the former emperor to enter the palace at midnight and murder the whole cabinet which was responsible for his abdication. This is the official explanation of the fact that the Japanese are garrisoning the palace.

The ceremonies attending the accession of the crown prince to the throne were carried out at 10 o'clock this morning.

Soldiers Mutinied.

Tokio, July 20.—Telegrams from Seoul state more collisions have occurred between the Japanese police and rioters and Korean soldiers also have fired on the Japanese police. Some were wounded on both sides. The trouble was immediately suppressed by the appearance of Japanese artillery, who apparently terrorized the rioters. An extra edition of a Korean daily saying that the emperor would be carired away to Japan is causing excitement.

The worst outbreak occurred last evening when a company of Korean troops mutinied, escaped from the barracks without their officers and attacked the police station on the main street at the Great Bell. After firinb several volleys they scattered, continuing a desultory fire and attacking individual Japanese. They were joined by the populace, who used stones and clubs. Ten were wounded in the Japanese quarter, where the Japanese are flocking for refuge. The correspondent of the Associated Press, while on the scene, noted seven Japanese and four Koreans dead, and three Japanese and two Koreans wounded. General Hasegawa sent dismounted cavalry to reinforce the police, who are searching for the mutineers.

All traffic has been stopped, and Japanese shops are guarded. The police report that twenty-five Japannese were killed and wounded in the day's rioting. The casualties among the Koreans are unknown.

Coming to America.

Tokio, July 0.—M. Ishii, director of the commervial bureau of the foreign office, will start for America to investigate the treatment of Japanese and the labor question.

It is reported that should the correspondence which was exchanged between Washington and Tokio on the San Francisco incidents be published, Japanese indignation would be increased. The report, however, is authoritatively discredited.

It is expected that M. Ishii's visit will serve to dispel the last cloud of doubt in the friendly relations of these nations.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Deserter Followed Sweetheart Then Surrenders to Officials

Bakersfield, Cal., July 18.—Because his sweetheart left her home in Delaware to come to Los Angeles, George Crichton, a private enlisted in the Fourth company of coast artillery at Fort Dupont, Delaware, deserted the army and followed the girl to the coast.

Disappointed at not being able to find her here, and footsore, weary and half sick, he surrendered himself to the local recruiting officers, and is lodged in the county jail and must face a court martial with the prospect of a long term in the military prison on Alcatraz island ahead of him.

VETERANS GOING FAST NOW

Survivors of Civil War Dying Rapidly.

Columbus, O., July 18.—According to the annual report of the pension agency here, which is a distributing point for several states in this section of the country, the old soldiers are dying off at a rapid rate.

The total loss in the year was 16,629 out of a total of 98,068 survivors at the beginning. However, in the same period 14,390 were added to the rolls. The total disbursements were $14,632,797.72. There are 2,270 survivors of the war with Spain who are being paid from this office.

TO GET NAME ON TICKET

Nebraska Populist Has Brought Mandamus Proceedings.

Lincoln, Neb., July 22.—Upon the refusal this morning of the secretary of state to permit the name of John L. Sundean, Populist, to be placed on the Democratic ticket in the direct primary ballot, State Chairman T. S. Allen, of the Democratic state committee, filed application for a writ of mandamus with the supreme court. A special meeting of the court will take place tomorrow afternoon to hear the pleadings.

HONORED BY FALLIERES

Are American Naval Officers in European Waters.

Paris, July 17.—Officers from the American cruisers Tennessee and Washington, now at Brest, have come up to visit Paris, where they are the recipients of unusual official honors. The officers include Rear Admiral Charles H. Stockton, Captain Albert S. Berry and Captain Theodore Porter. They were entertained by President Fallieres at uncheon yesterday at the Elysee palace, Ambassador White and the members of the embassy staff being present.

Welcoming his guests, President Fallieres declared France was united to the United States by bonds of friendship which had existed for more than a century, and which time could not alter. "I beg of you, Admiral Stockton, whose superb warships have been welcomed joyously in French ports," the president continued, "to convey to President Roosevelt how this visit has touched us and how sincerely we associate his esteemed personality with the well wishes we entertain for the country of which he is the chief executive and whose noble qualities he so worthily incarnates. I drink to President Roosevelt and the prosperity and grandeur of the American nation."

KOREANS AGITATE JAPS

The Political Situation in Seoul Is Aggravated.

New Emperor's First Edict Orders Punishment of Deputation to The Hague.

Seoul, Korea, July 22.—The Japanese are agitated by a multiplicity of reports of the former emperor's intrigues since his abdication July 19. Military anxiety has been, therefore, revived by the aggravation of the political situation.

The disturbing factors are, first, the enigmatical presence in Seoul of Japanese Foreign Minister Hayashi, whose mission is believed by the people to be the abdication of the former emperor and his removal to Japan; second, domiciliary contact with the emperor and control and manipulation of the throne by the ex-emperor.

Until July 19 the throne and court was prostrate with the emperor groveling before the residency general.

Today the residency claims that with this at an end it will be able to combat the intrigue of the ex-emperor.

The situation is such already that Japan is able to establish any interpretation of it whatsoever, and unless Minister Hayashi's mission and Tokio's intentions are declared through Marquis Ito to the nation, the Korean throne will easily dastitself to pieces. Marquis Ito's ability to temper the fate of Korea is virtually unknown.

The Ping Yang regiment still refuses to surrender its arms or ammuntion.

The Japanese commander is not yet able to assure safety in the streets, but he is making the best use possible of his men while awaiting reinforcements which are now on their way from Shimonoseki.

Marquis Ito, the resident general at Seoul, will not consent to the enforcement of martial law, but he is regarrisoning the country as far as possible as a precaution.

The new emperor's first edict orders the punishment of the Korean deputation to The Hague.

MAN HAS SIXTH SENSE.

Believes Dr. Funk in Discussing the Rollings Case.

New York, July 20.—Discussing the story of the Rev. Henry Rollings, who told of witnessing in a vision the death of his father in England, Dr. Isaac K. Funk, a prominent member of the American Society of Psychical Research, declared that the experience of the minister was entirely possible; that it was but one of many such cases the truth of which had been clearly established, and that it could not reasonably be called a mere coincidence that the clergyman's father did die at the time the son saw him dying in a vision.

The fact that many persons dream of friends or relatives dying without the occurrence of any corresponding event does not prove, Dr. Funk asserts, that the cases wherein deaths are seen in visions when they are occurring elsewhere are only coincidences. Dr. Funk expresses firm belief that many humans are gifted with powers of clairvoyancy, and that the process is entirely natural with them.

It is not impossible, he believes, that in the course of evolution all humans may come to be possessed of this power. Because we are familiar with but five senses, that does not mean that there are no other senses within us, he says.

Dr. Funk related many cases of so-called psychic phenomena, all of which he declared had been carefully investigated and found to be indisputably true.

TO SETTLE WITH VICTIMS

Harmon Gives Order to Do Proper Thing in Disaster.

Detroit, Mich., July 22.—Receiver Judson C. Harmon, of the Pere-Marquette railway, gave orders today that all the victims of Saturday's wreck be settled with the same as paying passengers. Most of them were employes.

RESISTS DETHRONEMENT

Reported Korean Emperor Will Not Abdicate.

King Fearing Attempt Upon His Life, Keeps Rice Locked in Silver Bowl.

Seoul, via Tokio, July 18.—Pak Young Ho, who was recently pardoned and upon his return from Japan was appointed minister of the imperial household, has reported that the emperor of Korea emphatically protested his ignorance regarding the dispatch of the deputation to The Hague and says that his abdication would only tend to confirm his relation thereto. For this reason he will not abdicate. The emperor, he says,

THE KING OF COREA.

will prove obdurate in resisting his dethronement.

Placards were posted today in one of the thoroughfares calling for the death of all Japanese officials in Seoul. The ministers are strongly guarded and every precaution has been taken to prevent riots and attacks upon officials.

The audience of Marquis Ito with the emperor of Korea which was expected to have taken place this afternoon, has been postponed. It is likely that the marquis will proceed to his palace tomorrow in company with Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese foreign minister, who is expected to arrive here this evening.

The emperor is constantly distrustful of all about him and haunted with the fear of an attempt upon his life. Consequently boiled rice is served him at each meal and is locked in a silver bowl which he opens with a key kept about his person.

Patriotic Koreans condemn his policy as sacrificing the national interest to his personal benefit and welfare.

NEW SAYINGS OF CHRIST

Found Near Old Coptic Monastery in Egypt.

London, July 20.—Two archaeological discoveries in Egypt, of exceptional interest, have become known here. They consist of some new sayings of Christ and of extremely ancient crude manufactures, conjecturally thousands of years old.

The sayings of Christ were found near an old Coptic monastery at Eofu. They were found by natives, who sold them for a few pounds to an Arab trader. There are about a dozen rolls of sixth century Greek papyri. They include twenty-five leaves of apocraphal sayings of Christ in a Coptic translation of a lost Greek original, of which previously only thirteen leaves were known, twelve of them being in the national gallery at Paris and one at Berlin.

The discovery also includes parts of the gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. Luke in Greek.

UNCLE SAM TO TRY JAPS

Sixty-five to Stand Trial for Illegaol Hunting.

Washington, July 20.—The department of justice has directed that the 65 Japanese arrested recently at Ounalaska on the charge of illegal killing of seals in Behring sea, be taken to Valdez, Alaska, to be tried there in the United States court, which convenes on the 29th inst. The arrest of these men and the question involved in the seizure of the Japanese coasting vessels will be brought before Judge Wickersham, who presides over the Valdez court.

AGED OFFENDER AT WORK

Laporte, Ind., July 18.—George Lightcap, old and feeble, commenced work as a day laborer today for the purpose of repaying bondsmen money they lost through his shortage while treasurer of Starke county. Today also the last of thirty bondsmen paid the balance of Lightcap's shortage. The total amount owing by Lightcap was $5,633.14. It was lost in bad investments.

SCENE OF THE DISASTER ON THE PERE MARQUETTE

VIEW OF THE WRECK IN THE CUT NEAR SALEM.

When the excursion train on the Pere Marquette crashed into the freight train in the cut near Salem Saturday, the two engines leaped high into the air and then settled down, aiding in the crushing of the first six cars of the eleven composing the crowded excursion train. The wreckage was piled twenty feet high, completely filling the cut, and it can be seen why it was that thirty-one persons lost their lives and one hundred were injured.

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KOREA'S RULER ENDS 44-YEAR REIGN

Signing of Imperial Rescript of Abdication a Dramatic Scene—Koreans Are Growing Warlike.

Seoul, July 19.—After a two-hour conference with the elder statesmen, whom he convened at 1 o'clock this morning, the emperor of Korea yielded and advised the cabinet ministers, who were in waiting, that he had made up his mind to abdicate.

The abdication ceremony was held at 10 o'clock today.

The emperor, in the imperial rescript of abdication, expresses his regret that during the 44 years of his reign, national calamities have followed in rapid succession and the people's distress become so aggravated that he deemed it now time to transfer the crown to the heir apparent in conformity with ancestral usages.

A most dramatic scene occurred at the palace Thursday night when the ministers, headed by Premier Yi Wang Yong, appeared before his majesty and made the cabinet's final representation in urging the emperor's abdication.

Unable to successfully combat the logic of the premier's representation, the emperor sought a last refuge in the council of elder statesmen, doubtless anticipating their sympathies. The emperor's disappointment and surprise were boundless when they unanimously agreed with the minister's advice.

His condition was indescribable. Greatly agitated and perturbed, he signed the rescript and the seal was affixed amid impressive silence.

A suppressed sigh from the emperor was the only sound which broke the deathlike stillness that reigned throughout the memorable scene.

Trouble Is Feared.

Seoul, via Tokio, July 19.—(Evening.)—Enraged crowds are assembled at various points throughout the city and inflammatory documents against the Japanese are being freely distributed, giving rise to a forlorn hope that some opposition is about to begin. Serious collisions, it is believed, will take place tonight between the police and the rioters.

A BATTLE IS EXPECTED

Between Salvador and Nicaragua Within 15 Days.

San Salvador, July 17.—An armed clash, which, it is believed, will involve all Central America, probably will occur within 15 days. It is expected that the first battle will be between Salvador and Nicaragua. General Lee Christmas, an American, who was wounded in the recent war between Nicaragua and Honduras, has been general in command of a Nicaraguan regiment. General Chamorro is expected from Guatamala on the next ship. Upon his arrival he will proclaim himself provisional president of Nicaragua.

GENERAL'S WIFE DEPORTED

From Nicaragua Without Being Allowed to See Family.

Panama, July 19.—The situation in Nicaragua must be critical, judging from the story told by Mrs. Emiliani Chamorro, the wife of the leader of the last revolution against President Zelaya.

She declares she was imprisoned and remained eight days confined with the common prisoners, during which time the country suffered from an earthquake and part of the walls of the prison fell in. Finally, although nothing was found against her, she was deported by the first steamer bound north without being allowed to see her family. She arrived here in the early part of this week.

MILLION DIE OF PLAGUE

In India in First Six Months of the Year.

London, July 17.—Returns of deaths from the plague in India show the appalling total of 1,060,067 for the six months ending June 30. The monthly total is at present decreasing, however, the death roll for June being placed at 69,004.

The total for the first six months of 1907 already surpasses that of the entire twelve months of 1904, when 1,022,000 persons died. This total is the highest ever recorded previous to the present year.

CAID MACLEAN ESCAPES.

British General Out of Hands of Bandit Raisuli.

Tangier, July 18.—Aided by sections of the Elkmes, the Benlarrous and the Benimansour tribes, Caid Sir Harry MacLean has succeeded in escaping from the hands of the bandit Raisuli. He has taken refuge in the inviolable sanctuary of the territory of the Marabout of Zaonia Yonstidi.

It is suggested that Raisuli connived in the escape of the Caid as the best way out of a difficult situation.

Elephant Frightens Woman to Death.

Bethel, Me., July 22.—Fright, following the partial collapse of a circus tent here Saturday night, during a severe electrical and wind storm, is ascribed as the cause of the death of Mrs. Fannie Mercier. Mrs. Mercier had been subject to attacks of heart trouble. During the hurried exit of the people from the circus grounds in the rain and darkness, an elephant is said to have pushed the automobile in which Mrs. Mercier was sitting, so as to turn it completely around. When a flash of lightning revealed the huge head of the animal directly above her, Mrs. Mercier collapsed from fright and her death resulted Sunday.

Reward for Rats.

Copenhagen, July 22.—Owing to the damage done to crops and private dwellings by an extraordinary invasion of rats, the Danish government has issued a decree of extermination against the rodents, promising a reward of 2 cents for every dead rat brought to a specially appointed office.

The populace is now bent on the work of extermination, and on the first day after the decree was issued over eight thousand of the rodents were killed. It is calculated that over eight million of the pest will be killed before the end of the present year.

ARBITRATION EXTENSION

May Be Agreed Upon at the Peace Conference.

Berlin, July 23.—Representative Richard Bartholdt, of St. Louis, president of the American group of the interparliamentary union, has arrived here, and will have a conference with the officials of the foreign office regarding the union's suggestions to The Hague conference.

Mr. Bartholdt, after discussing the matter with M. Bourgeois, of France; Baron Marschal Von Bieberstein, of Germany, and M. Nelidoff, president of the conference, and some of the Italian and British delegates, is convinced that the conference is likely to agree upon the extension of arbitration with the specification of the questions that ought to be arbitrated, such as consular and diplomatic rights, controversies over the interpretation of treaties, boundary disputes and the enforced collection of public debts.

"The American delegates," said Mr. Bartholdt, "insist upon the specification of subjects that may be arbitrated, because of the attitude of the senate which rejected nine treaties in 1905 on the ground that they gave to the president wholesale power. Under the specification plan, the senate may select the subjects to be ratified, upon which alone arbitration is obligatory."

Mr. Bartholdt urges also, the adoption of an article by the conference whereby an agreement is entered into allowing one or two friendly nations to investigate and mediate between countries about to fight on questions outside of the treaty arbitration, such as sovereign authority, national honor and vital interests.

CABINET MINISTERS RESIGN

Official Family of Korean Emperor Steps Down and Out.

Seoul, July 18.—The cabinet ministers, including the newly appointed household minister, have resigned. It is reported that the emperor was very angry at his ministers on account of their having advised him to abdicate. He said to them that he occupied the throne by right inherited from his ancestors and that his subjects had no authority to advise his dethronement, much less to do so with the support of foreigners.

PLOT AGAINST THE THRONE

Results in the Arrest of Several Korean Peers.

Seoul, July 22.—(Noon)—The discovery of a plot against the throne resulted in the arrest between midnight and dawn of today of one elder statesman of Korea, together with Pak Yung Ho, who yesterday was appointed minister of the imperial household; Yi Do Chai, grand chamberlain of the former emperor and four Korean officers.

JAMES HARGIS ACQUITTED

State Unable to Produce Witnesses in Noted Case.

Louisville, Ky., July 20.—A special from Sandy Hook, Ky., says Judge Moody this morning instructed the jury in the case of James Hargis, on trial for complicity in the assassination of Dr. B. D. Cox, to acquit the prisoner.

This is the last case against Hargis for alleged complicity in the Breathitt county crimes, and Hargis walked from the court room a free man. The judge's instructions followed the withdrawal of Attorneys Byrd and Jouett for the prosecution from the case, the lawyers stating that the state was unable to produce its witnesses.

TO SUPPRESS FRENCH

Paris, July 23.—The French newspapers are greatly incensed over the decision of the German authorities to suppress the teaching of French in the common schools of the "lost provinces," Alsace and Lorraine.

JACQUES LEBAUDY BACK

Still Has Hopes of Establishing Desert Empire.

New York, July 23.—Jacques Lebaudy who startled the world by establishing the comic opera empire of Sahara, is in New York, but his errand here he refuses to discuss.

This is the first that has been heard of the eccentric French millionaire since he disappeared from Paris last January. While he is not giving any information himself, it is believed that he has been cruising on the yacht with which he made the conquest of the great desert.

When Lebaudy landed an "army" on the coast of Africa, summoned the desert chiefs and took possession of the vast wastes, M. Clemenceau, now prime minister of France, remarked:

"Well, that just shows what a crazy man can do with a few millions."

Hope Not Abandoned.

His Majesty Jacques I., "Emperor of Sahara," as he likes to be called, has not abandoned his hope of establishing a successful empire in the desert, and some time ago, when the French government tried to discourage him by bringing him back with a really armed force, he said he would come to America and hire Roosevelt's regiment of rough riders to be his army in Africa.

Many persons believe that Lebaudy is here for the purpose of enlisting fighting men in his cause, and that he will again appear in the Sahara as an emperor.

Lebaudy is the son of the man who was the head of the French sugar trust, and, when he died, the young man came into possession of a very large fortune. He was one of the richest young men in Paris.

He spent a great deal on horses, actresses and wine, and one night, at a new show in Paris, he was entranced by a ballet of pretty girls, which was called the "Dance of the Sahara."

That gave him his idea of conquest. He fitted out a large yacht for the purpose, armed a score of men as soldiers and hired the ballet of pretty girls to go along with him and be the ladies of the court of the emperor of Sahara. He carried the whole matter out on comic opera lines.

When he landed on the coast he called a number of the native chiefs before him and they agreed to support him, fearing the looks of a Hotchkiss gun he had landed. His palace was a tent, but he had bought an exquisitely carved old ivory chair in an antique shop in Paris, and this he took along to be his throne.

The Ballot Revolted.

After the "palace" household was established he ordered the court ballet before him to do the "Dance of the Sahara." The Parisian actresses stood it all right, as they were being well paid, until it was found that there was no ice in the desert and they would have to drink their wine warm.

They rebelled and it looked as though there was to be serious trouble, when a French squadron arrived and took the "Emperor of Sahara" back to Paris. Since that Lebaudy has had many escapades, but he never has given up the idea of being King of the Sahara. He tried to recruit an army in Switzerland and was quickly stopped. Then he said he would come to America and get an army of Rough Riders.

DINKEY TO SUCCEED COREY

Slate Fixed, Ready for Resignation of Trust Head.

New York, July 23.—With the expectation that William Ellis Corey will resign at the next meeting of the directors of the steel trust, the directorate has already picked a man out to succeed him.

At the last directors' meeting held June 25, according to a high official of the trust, it was practically agreed that Alva C. Dinkey, of Pittsburg, president of the Carnegie Steel company, should take Corey's place.

A vote was then taken as to the desirability of keeping the husband of Mabelle Gilman, for whom he has neglected the duties of office at the head of the company, with the result that the majority voted against him. Although the balloting was informal, it is nevertheless regarded as especially significant. It was accordingly agreed that Mr. Corey at the next meeting, which will be held July 30, should be brought to book so sharply that his resignation would necessarily follow.

That Mr. Dinkey would accept the presidency of the trust goes without saying. By the change he would rise from a subsidary official to the chief position with an increase in salary of from $50,000 to $100,000. Mr. Dinkey is the brother-in-law of Charles M. Schwab.

BOGUS INDIAN BLANKETS

Are Made by Illinois Firm and Sold to the Reds.

Bloomington, Ill., July 23.—Central Illinois woolen mills produce the famous "Indian art" blankets which are purchased by credulous tourists from the Navajo Indians in the far southwest. One of the leading mills of Morgan county turns out thousands of these blankets every year, the bulk of them being bought by the Indians and then sold to travelers, the latter being led to believe that the weaving was done by the red men.

Indians buy these blankets at $4 to $5 each and dispose of them for twice this sum as "genuine Indian blankets." The thrifty Indian knows that his squaw can manufacture but a few blankets per year with her crude weaving appliances. The larger sizes, which can be purchased at wholesale for $10, are sometimes sold to innocent and unsuspecting tourists for $50.

POWDER TRUST UNDER FIRE

Government to Bring Suit Against Strong Combination

Washington, July 23.—Proceedings against the powder trust under the terms of the Sherman anti-trust act will be instituted at Wilmington, Del., the latter part of the week.

The suit for dissolution, which will embrace the receivership principle enunciated in the tobacco trust cases, will be filed by either Assistant Attorney General Russell or the United States attorney of the district in which Wilmington is located. It was the purpose of the government to begin next Wednesday, but a postponement was decided upon.

A long list of defendants will be named in the government's bill. It is said the case against the powder trust is the strongest of the many prosecutions entered upon by the administration against corporations.

MERCHANT IS SHOT DOWN

Because He Refused to Aid Revolution in Armenia.

New York, July 23.—A merchant was stepped out on the sidewalk from his store on East Seventeenth street, near Union Square, yesterday, Hoohaness Tavshanjian, a wealthy rug importer and Persian commissioner to the Chicago world's fair, in 1893, was shot from behind and almost instantly killed by Beros Hampartzoomian, 24 years old, of 41 Archer street, Chicago. According to the police, the prisoner declared he killed Tavshanjian because the merchant had refused to contribute for the financing of a revolution in Armenia against Turkish rule.

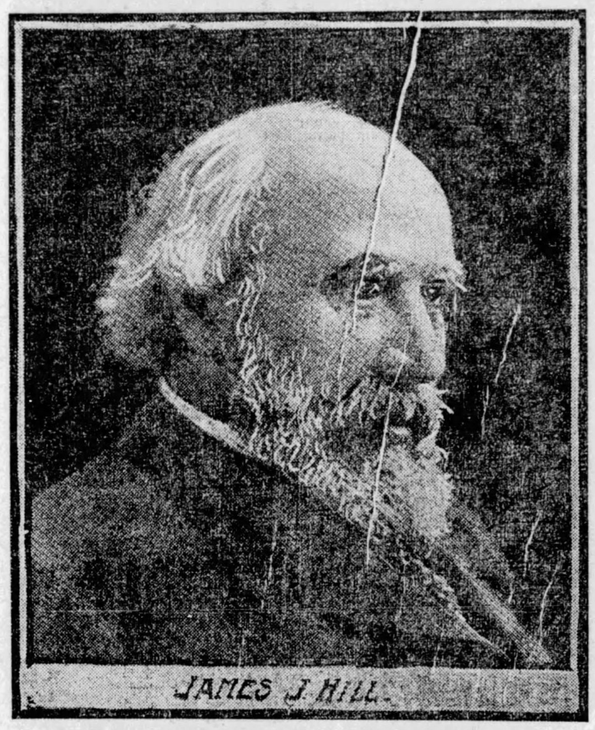
TREATS "LITTLE MOTHERS"

New Yorker Celebrates Birthday in Unique Way.

New York, July 23.—Frank Tilford, of the firm of Parkes-Tilford, took a unique way to celebrate his birthday. He invited 700 "little mothers," poor girls who bear some of the burdens of their families, to take a trip to Coney Island, where they were introduced to the wonders of the resort at Mr. Tilford's expense. The celebration was a pleasing success, both to Mr. Tilford and his guests.

SAYS HILL GOT $10,000,000 BY FRAUD

New York Man Sues to Compel Him to Account for Profits and Divide Them.



St. Paul, Minn., July 23.—Clarence H. Venner, of New York, began suit against J. J. Hill and the Great Northern Railway company in the Ramsey county district court, the complaint being filed late yesterday, in which he alleges that Hill wrongfully and fraudulently, while acting in his capacity as president of the Great Northern Railway company, acquired stock of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railway at prices averaging about $150 per share, and that he induced the board of directors of the Great Northern to pay $200 per share for the stock. He claims that Hill thereby made a profit of more than $10,000,000.

Venner sues as the holder of 300 shares of Great Northern stock and asks the court to compel Hill to account for his profits and to pay to the stockholders of the Great Northern the alleged illegal gains.

The defendants in the suit filed a demurrer setting up the claim that the Northern Pacific also should be made a party to the suit and the further claim that the complaint does not state a cause for action.

PIERCE IS A HUMAN JUNK SHOP

Physicians Believe Sword Swallower Is Full of Nails, Glass and Delusions.

New York, July 23.—A. J. Pierce, a professional sword swallower, is in Bellevue hospital believed to be full of delusions, nails, chunks of glass, jackknives and miscellaneous hardware. The doctors think he is insane.

Pierce is twenty-six years old and for a time has lived at No. 382 East One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. For years he has made a living amusing a discriminating public with feats of sword eating. Dr. Healy, of Bellevue, who used to be connected with a hospital in Montreal, recognized Pierce the moment he was brought in.

"I know him well," said the doctor, "for I operated on him in Canada. He had accumulated some nails and we removed them."

Pierce has a trick of taking a score of small shingle nails in his hand and placing them in his mouth. While the great American public strains its optics to see him take 'em out he swallows with powerful effort. Then, while the audience are expressing astonishment, Pierce drops the nails, which he held in his hand all the time, in his pocket. But once in a while he makes a mistake and one or two drop down his throat. He doesn't care much until a whole kegful accumulates. Then he becomes sad and can't go on with the show.

The doctors fear the sword trick has affected his mind. He is supposed to swallow a Confederate cavalry colonel's sabre right up to the hilt, and it is believed he now imagines he has succeeded too well and filled his stomach with such implements of war.

As soon as the "bug doctors" have investigated the young man's mental condition the surgeons will get out the X-ray and take a picture of his internal works. Enough trumpery is piled up in his stomach to prevent digestion, that useful organ will be opened and relieved of its load. Then, if nothing appears wrong in the upper story, Pierce will be turned loose to continue his more or less entertaining exhibitions.

NO MORE WOMEN PRIVATE SECRETARIES

Secretary Wilson Makes New Rule in Department of Agriculture to Prevent Gossip.

Washington, July 23.—Hereafter women clerks of the department of agriculture will not be permitted to act as private secretaries or confidential clerks for male chiefs of divisions or bureaus.

Secretary Wilson has no prejudice against them, but he deems it due to them that not one of them be required to perform services that will bring her into such relations with her chief as to enable evil-minded persons to do any gossiping. He considers it better for the good name of the women employes in the departmental service to make a rule that men chiefs of division shall have men as private secretaries or confidential clerks.

The fact that the secretary had prescribed such a rule for his own guidance has become known recently through his refusal to permit a woman stenographer to be detailed as clerk to a chief of bureau. He is perfectly willing to have the stenographers take dictation from the chiefs of bureaus, but he will not allow them to be detailed to fill positions the duties of which might require them to remain after the working hours or to go to the homes of the chiefs to finish work outside of office hours.

Two years ago, when there was a scandal in the department, the woman who performed the duties of private secretary for a bureau chief for several years was brought into a notoriety altogether displeasing to the secretary. Although he knew that there was no foundation for the insinuations against the woman, he had to keep quiet and merely hope that the notoriety would not spread.

A majority of the men chiefs do not want women in such positions, but occasionally one comes along who is so well pleased with the work done by a particular clerk that he asks to have her promoted and made private secretary. Requests of that kind are being refused.

VILLAGE IS SUBMERGED

Water Completely Covers a Small Place in Wisconsin.

Inhabitants Go to Neighboring Town—All Bridges in 25 Miles Swept Away.

Muscoda, Wis., July 23.—The village of Boaz, Richland county, having a population of 400, is entirely submerged as a result of the Wisconsin river overflowing. A number of the houses have been moved from their foundations and carried distances ranging from 100 yards to a mile. In some places the water is from six to ten feet deep with an average depth of four feet. Most of the inhabitants have gone to Muscoda. Several mill dams have washed away. All the bridges between Muscoda and Sylvan Corners, a distance of 25 miles, have been swept down the river.

ARREST AMERICAN AUTOIST

Is Held in Dresden for Killing a Woman.

Dresden, July 23.—Emil Simon, of New York, is under arrest in this city on the charge of having run over and killed a woman with his auto near Luckenwalde last Wednesday.

Mr. Simon, who is 19 years old, was driving his auto at about fifteen miles an hour. He saw two women, farmers' wives, on the road ahead of him. The women took different sides of the road as he approached, but one of them apparently changed her mind and started to run across a short distance in front of the car. She was struck by the machine. Mr. Simon, it is said, continued his way, and reported the accident at a police station further along the road. This happened to be in Saxon territory, and the accident occurred in Prussia. Mr. Simon then drove on to Dresden, where he was arrest. The woman died a few hours after she was struck.

MARK TWAIN BACK HOME

Returns With a Degree and Brand New Jokes.

New York, July 23.—Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) came back to this country yesterday, bringing with him a degree of Doctor of Laws, recently conferred on him by Oxford University, in England, and some brand new jokes.

Mr. Clemens was an arrival in the afternoon on board the steamship Minnetonka, from London. Regarding the accounts in the English newspapers of the disappearance of the Ascot cup on the day of his arrival in England, Mr. Clemens told the reporters, laughingly, that he had the Ascot cup aboard. He firmly stated that he had nothing to do with the robbery of the Dublin crown jewels, saying:

"From the character they had worked up for me, they would know that I would have taken the safe as well as the jewels."

TO THE SUPREME COURT

Decision on New Rate Law Will Be Appealed.

Raleigh, N. C., July 23.—Governor Glenn stated last night that he had wired the state's attorney to appeal at once to the supreme court of the United States from the decision of Judge Pritchard, who yesterday declared the penalty clause of the new low rate law unconstitutional.

He states that even if section four, the criminal penalty section, is stricken out, the law is not affected, and the Southern railway can be indicted under the common law; that he does not for a moment believe that Judge Pritchard's decision that section four is unconstitutional will be sustained by the supreme court of the United States.

PAYMASTER COFFIN DEAD

Manila, July 23.—Major Paymaster Eugene Coffin, of the United States army, whose left arm was amputated a few days ago as the result of blood poisoning, contracted while handling money, died this afternoon.

COLUMBIA'S DEATH LIST

Two Hundred on Board Are Accounted For.

Survivors Are Being Cared for by Committee of Eureka, Cal., Citizens.

NOTABLE OCEAN DISASTERS IN RECENT YEARS.

Year.	Steamship.	Lives Lost.
1890	Steamer Shanghai, burned	300
1891	Steamer Utopia, collision	503
1892	Steamer Nanchow, foundered	509
1893	Warship Victoria, collision	360
1894	Steamer Horn Head, sunk by iceberg	62
1895	Steamer Chicora, vanished in Lake Michigan	26
1895	Warship Reina Regina, collision	400
1895	Steamer Colima, wrecked	171
1896	Steamer Corpernicus, sunk	152
1897	Steamer Kapunda, foundered	300
1898	Steamer La Bourgoyne, collision	540
1904	Steamer Gen. Slocum, burned	958
1904	Steamer Norge, wrecked on reef	750
1905	Steamer Hilda, sunk	123
1906	Steamer Valencia, foundered	119
1906	Steamship Sirio, foundered	225
1906	Brazilian Cruiser Aquidaban, sunk	212
1907	Steamer Larchmont, lost	185
1907	Steamer Hong Kong, strikes rock	130
1907	Steamer Berlin, wrecked	125
1907	Steamship Lakota, struck a reef	unknown

Eureka, Cal., July 23.—The best advices today are that approximately two hundred of the 249 souls on board the steamer Columbia escaped death when that vessel went to the bottom near Shelter Cove between midnight and one o'clock of Sunday morning in a collision with the steam schooner San Pedro.

One hundred and seven of the Columbia's passengers and 37 of her crew have been brought to this port by the steamer George W. Elder, which towed the colliding schooner San Pedro from the scene of the disaster to Eureka.

A committee of citizens under the leadership of Mayor Ricks, has charged itself with the duties of the hour and is performing them with energy and all possible speed.

A segregation of the Columbia's passenger list shows that in her cabin she carried 78 men and 90 women and girls; in her steerage 20 men and one woman, a total of 189.

The List of Missing.

The following is the list of drowned or unaccounted for: Franklin Auiff, Miss Anna Akesson, Mrs. R. Anderson, W. J. Bachman, F. Butler and wife, Miss Anna Bahlen, Miss Gertrude Butler, Mrs. J. Benson, Mrs. Jane Best, Miss A. Bernal, Miss Clara Carpenter, Miss Ruby Cooper, J. W. Carpenter, Chew Mook, Chinaman; Miss Lena Cooper, Mrs. A. S. Cornell, Mrs. R. B. Cannon, Marion Clasby, Miss A. B. Cornell, L. Clasby and wife, Steven Clasby, J. C. Durham, L. L. Drake, Jr., Mrs. L. L. Drake, F. S. Drake, Mrs. K. Gagalda, W. Graham, Mrs. A. Gray, Mrs. Blanche Gordon, Frank Glune (steerage), Mrs. A. Happ, L. E. Hill, C. H. Harrington, Miss K. Hayden, Mrs. W. H. Ingalls, E. B. Keever, Miss Grace F. Kellar, Miss Effie Kellar, Mrs. G. A. Kellar, Miss Alma B. Kellar, E. G. Liggett, Miss Florence Lewis, Ray Lewis, O. S. Lewis and wife, Lewis Malkus and wife, C. E. Mehiw, Miss B. Musser, L. Mero, Miss Julia Matek, John Miller (steerage), C. W. Merril (steerage), M. Mayo (steerage), John D. McFadyn, Miss Margaret McKearny, Miss Louise D. Nake, Miss Nellie A. Nake, Miss Mary Parsons, J. E. Paul and wife, J. Premus (steerage), Sarah A. Roberts, P. Robertson, M. J. Rateman, Mrs. Wm. Soule, G. A. Smith, Sarah Schull, Miss Cora Schull, J. B. Springer, Miss Elsie May Stone, George T. Sparks, Miss Frances Schroeder, Mrs. E. Silva (steerage), A. S. Pieler (steerage), E. Silva (steerage), W. C. Todd, Miss A. S. Todd, N. B. Viants, K. P. Winters, N. F. Wilson, Mrs. A. Waller, Miss H. Wright, Roland Winters, C. W. Winslow and wife, Wm. Waller, Miss Edna Wallace, Miss B. Wallace, Miss, W. W. White, E. A. Wallin (steerage), J. K. Young.

No Evidence of Panic.

Eight minutes after the San Pedro struck the Columbia the latter vessel had filled full of water and sunk. The night saloon watchman notified all the passengers to go to the upper deck. Without clothing they climbed out of their berths and rushed out. It was only two or three minutes before the decks were awash. Six boats and three life rafts were cut loose and as many passengers as possible were crowded into them. There were scarcely any evidences of a panic, the women acting with heroism. The crew of the San Pedro immediately lowered a boat and picked up a large number of survivors, while the boats from the Columbia lay to by the San Pedro.

Captain Doran and First Officer Whitney were on the deck when the Columbia sank, the captain's last words being: "God bless you."

O. Swanson, a sailor of the San Pedro, was at the wheel Saturday night when the fatal collision occurred. In his report to Sailors Agent John F. Rickson, the blame is laid upon the shoulders of the Columbia's officers. Other members of the crew of the San Pedro substantiate the story of Swanson.

He says that the order was given to him when the lookout sighted the Columbia to put the wheel hard aport. Three points to port carried the San Pedro seaward, apparently out of the way of the approaching vessel whose name at that time was not shown.

Whistles Gave Warning.

Short toots from the whistles of both vessels warned the skippers. The Columbia was on the coast side. The San Pedro on seaside. Apparently both vessels were proceeding at full speed. If all had gone well, the San Pedro would have cleared the Columbia, but it is evident that an order put the wheel hard a' starboard, was given on the Columbia. This sent her directly across the bow of the steam schooner.

The Columbia, an iron vessel, bore the brunt of the impact and her iron plates cracked and a gash seven feet across the forward hatch allowed the water free ingress at a great velocity.

TORPEDO RECORDS BROKEN

Submarines Cuttlefish and Octopus Make Good Showing.

Newport, R. I., July 23.—New records in torpedo practice are said to have been made by crews of submarine boats Cuttlefish and Octopus, which are undergoing their trials under the direction of a naval board here. The Cuttlefish, after a submerged run of eight miles, fired a Whitehead torpedo, which hit the target at a range of 1,000 yards. She then came to the surface, reloaded, was submerged again and fired two more torpedoes, one of which scored a hit. Under similar conditions the Octopus discharged four torpedoes at a distance of 800 yards, three of which hit the mark, the fourth stopping 100 yards short.

TRIED TO BRIBE JURORS

Members of Schmitz Jury Before the Grand Jury.

San Francisco, July 18.—Charges that efforts were made to bribe two members of the jury that tried and convicted former Mayor E. E. Schmitz on the charge of extortion, were laid before a grand jury yesterday at a special session. The two jurymen involved, Royal W. Cudelworth and Charles D. Gish, gave testimony. Cudelworth and his wife both told the grand jury of efforts that were made to communicate with him while he was locked up at the St. Francis hotel with his fellow jurors.

Juror Gish gave testimony showing efforts had been made to reach him while the case was on trial.

ADOPT AMERICAN PLAN

Regarding Inviolability of Private Property at Sea.

The Hague, July 17.—A vote on the principle of the American proposition regarding the inviolability of private property at sea was taken today by the committee of the conference dealing with the Geneva convention. Twenty-one delegates voted favorably, eleven were against the measure, and there was one absentee. Great Britain, France, Russia, Japan, Spain and Portugal were in opposition, while the triple alliance, although Germany made a reservation, was among the majority.

Belgium presented a compromise proposal, but Joseph H. Choate, of the American delegation, refused to accept it, saying that inasmuch as a majority admitted the principle of immunity he could not consent to the limitation of this idea, especially as Great Britain and Russia already had declared they would not accept it in any form. This made unanimity impossible.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, July 20.—Bradstreet's today will say:

Weather conditions still favor seasonable trade and crops, and there is no more than ordinary quiet noted in wholesale lines as a result of midsummer conditions and the reign of the vacation season. Retail trade especially is turning out rather better than anticipated and clearance sales are freely patronized, indicating that the buying power of the country is maintained at a high level. One favorable development certainly calling for notice is the continuance of good reports as to collections which find confirmation in the steady gains in bank clearings noted at most cities over a year ago, itself a period of large gains over 1905.

Conservative buying of shoes and leather is noted in leading markets. Eastern shoe manufacturers are reported to have good quantities of leather on hand.

Pig iron markets are still in a lethargic condition. Urgent demand for spot supplies has disappeared and producers show a greater disposition to rush shipments. New business in finished lines is light, as might be expected at this season, but the mills are well provided with old orders.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending July 18 number 177, against 185 last week, 188 in the like week of 1906, 165 in 1905, 190 in 1904 and 183 in 1903. Canadian failures for the week number 26, as against 28 last week and 18 in this week a year ago.

The Grain Market.

Toledo, O., July 23.—Following a weak opening, wheat turned strong on commission house buying, and further news of black rust in the northwest. At the inception of the second hour, the options began to recede on profit taking. With new wheat on the market, burdensome stocks and favorable weather reports from all parts of the country, traders were not inclined to look for a substantial advance. According to Broomhall, weakness in Liverpool was due to larger offerings of winter wheat, poor demand for cargoes and parcels and lack of support. Opening ½d lower, Liverpool was from ¼@⅝d lower at 1:30 p. m. The following wire was received from Turtle Lake, N. Dak.: "Wheat in the west central part of North Dakota will be about half a crop, but conditions are improving with favorable weather." In the vicinity of Fort Worth, Tex., weather has been favorable to crops during the last week. Corn and cotton were reported especially promising in this locality. A loss of ¼c in July and cash was made up during the first hour, when the options were quoted at 90⅝c. September opened ¼c down at 91⅝c, later gaining ⅜c. Off ⅝c at 95⅜c, December advanced to 96c during the first half hour.

Wheat was held up by considerable buying. There was nothing new in particular on the black rust scare. The Northern Miller is reported saying that the Canadian northwest will be short 40 per cent. Winnepeg wired that August frosts will catch the wheat in the milk. Liverpool closed ¼@⅝d higher. Antwerp was unchanged and Paris 1 up to ¼ lower. The local closes were: Cash and July 90c, September 91½c, December 95⅜c.

There was little activity in corn. Cash and July were steady at 54½c, while the other options showed gains, especially during the first hour. Liverpool opened ½d up and gained slightly later in the day. After opening ⅛c down at 54⅝c, September advanced to 54⅞c. December opened unchanged at 49¾c, and during the fore part of the season showed a gain of ¼c. May was ⅛c up at 51c.

Corn was up in sympathy with wheat. Liverpool closed ½d higher. The local finals were: Cash and July 54½c, September 54½c, December 49⅝c, May 51c.

Oats showed strength on damage reports. Cash and July were unchanged at 45c. A loss of ⅜c was made up by September during the first half hour, the noon price being 38½c. Opening unchanged at 39c, December gained ⅛c during the first hour. May opened ⅛c higher at 40⅞c. Later, the option advanced to 41c.

Oats showed sympathetic strength with the other grains. The closes were: Cash and July 45c, September 38¼c. December 39c, May 40¾c.

There was no particular feature in the clover seed market. All the options were unchanged from the previous close, cash standing at $8.45, October at $8.25 and December and March at $8.70.

Clover seed closes showed no change from the opening.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close July 23.	Close July 22
Wheat—					
Cash	90½	91	....	90	90⅜
July	90½	91⅝	....	90	90⅜
Sept.	91⅝	92¾	....	91½	92¼
Dec.	95⅜	96⅝	....	95⅜	96¼
May	....	....	....	....	99
Corn—					
Cash	54½	....	....	54½	54½
July	54⅜	....	....	54½	54½
Sept.	54⅝	54⅞	....	54½	54⅝
Dec.	49½	49¾	....	49⅝	49¼
May	51	51⅛	50⅞	51	50⅞
Oats—					
Cash	45	....	....	45	45
July	45	....	....	45	45
Sept	38⅝	38¾	....	38¼	38½
Dec	39	....	....	39	39
May	40⅞	....	....	....	99
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.45	....	....	9.50	9.45
Oct.	9.25	....	....	9.25	9.25
Dec	8.70	....	8.67½	8.70	8.70
March	8.70	....	8.67½	8.70	8.70
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	78½	78½
No. 2	....	....	....	77	77
No. 3	....	....	....	74	74
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.20	2.15
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.00	8.00

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	89⅝	90⅝	....	89½	90⅛
Sept	91⅞	93⅛	....	91⅝	92⅜
Dec	95⅞	96⅞	....	95⅜	96⅛
May	1.00⅜	1.01½	....	1.00⅜	1.00⅞
Corn—					
July	52⅝	53¼	....	53⅛	52½
Sept	52⅜	53¼	....	52⅞	52⅝
Dec	49⅜	50	....	49⅝	49½
May	51	51⅛	50⅜	50⅞	50⅝
Oats—					
July	42¾	43½	....	43⅛	43
Sept	38½	39⅛	....	38⅛	38⅝
Dec	39	39⅝	....	39	39⅛
May	40⅞	41¼	....	40⅞	40⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	98⅞	99⅜	....	98⅝	99¼
Dec.	1.02⅛	1.03	....	1.02	1.02⅜
Corn—					
Sept.	61	....	....	61⅜	61
Dec.	59½	....	....	59⅜	59

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	89⅛	90⅛	....	88⅞	89½
Dec.	93⅝	94⅝	....	92⅞	93½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	96¾	97⅝
Sept.	....	....	....	97½	98⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	99⅝	1.00¼
Sept.	....	....	....	98⅞	99¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	16.20	....	....	16.32	16.20
Sept.	16.59	....	....	16.55	16.52
Lard—					
July	....	....	....	9.17	9.07
Sept.	9.25	....	9.20	9.32	9.20
Oct.	9.30	....	9.27	9.37	9.25
Jan.	8.75	....	....	8.72	....
Ribs—					
July	8.60	....	....	8.65	8.57
Sept.	8.77	....	....	8.80	8.75
Oct	8.70	....	8.67	8.72	8.70
Jan.	8.05	....	....	8.07	....

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, July 23.